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The tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey. 1607.

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tragedy of
Cæsar and Pompey

1607

This facsimile is from a copy dated 1607 *now in the British Museum.*

*An undated copy (Hazlitt), presumed to be earlier (*1606*), is in private hands.*

The original is not good from a photographic point of view. The present facsimile is generally good. The blur on C2, v., *is due to a mending. Holes in the paper, with more or less discoloured edges, occur on* I1, *recto and* v., *and on* I4, *recto.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Cæsar and Pompey. OR CÆSARS Reuenge.

Priuately acted by the Studentes of Trinity Colledge in Oxford.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for *Nathaniel Fosbrooke* and *John Wright*, and are to be sould in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Helmet.

1607.
1608.
1609
1610
1611
1612
1613
1614
1615

The names of the Actors.

Discord.

Titinnius.	*Roman* 1.
Brutus.	*Roman* 2.
Pompey.	*Bonus Genius.*
Cæsar.	*Calphurnia.*
Anthony.	*Augur.*
Dolobella.	*Prætor.*
Cornelia.	*Senators.*
Cleopatra.	*Bucolian.*
Achillas.	*Actavian.*
Sempronius.	*Cæsars Ghost.*
Cassius.	*Cicero.*
Cato Sen.	*Cato Iun.*
Casca.	*Camber.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Tragedie of Cæſar and Pompey.

Sound alarum then flames of fire.

Enter Diſcord.

HEarke how the *Romaine* drums ſound bloud & death,
And *Mars* high mounted on his Thracian Steede:
Runs madding through *Pharſalias* purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkaſes of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to ſee ſuch hideous ſights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans* war,)
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The ſtarrs do tremble, and forſake their courſe,
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* ſwiften her ſlowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vnwildy burthen to forſake.
Cæſars keene *Falchion*, through the Aduerſe rankes,
For his ſterne Maſter hewes a paſſage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & ſteele, & ſtanding bloode
He whoſe proud Trophies whilom *Aſia* field,
And conquered *Pontus*, ſinge his laſting praiſe.
Great *Pompey*, Great, while Fortune did him raiſe,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes
And to the ground caſts of his high hang'd lookes.
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath ſcornd your powers.
You night borne Siſters to whoſe haires are ty'd
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of miſchiefe and of plagues,
And if, O ſtarres you haue an influence:
That may confounde this high erected heape

Downe powre it; Vomit out your worſt of ills
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered ſtrength,
Periſh and conquered Be with her owne ſtrength:
And win all powers to diſioyne and breake,
Conſume, confound, diſſolue, and diſcipate
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raiſed vp.

Enter Titinius

Tit. The day is loſt our hope and honours loſt,
The glory of the *Romaine* name is loſt,
The liberty and commonweale is loſt,
The Gods that whilom heard the *Romaine* ſtate,
And *Quirinus*, whoſe ſtrong puiſſant arme,
Did ſhild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,
Do now conſpire to wracke the gallant Ship,
Euen in the harbor of her wiſhed greatneſſe.
And her gay ſtreamers, and faire wauering ſayles,
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,
To drowne with Billows of orewhelming woes.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou ſtriueſt in vaine.
Many a ſoule to day is ſent to Hell,
And many a galant haue I don to death,
In *Pharſalias* bleeding Earth: the world can tell,
How litle *Brutus* praizd this puffe of breath,
If loſſe of that my countries weale might gaine,
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed:
That *Rome* in higheſt of her fortunes pich,
In top of ſouerainty and imperiall ſwaye.
By her owne height ſhould worke her owne decay.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Where may I fly into ſome deſert place,
Some vncouth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,
Where as my name and ſtate was neuer heard.
I flie the Batle becauſe here I ſee,
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharſalias* earth.
Which do remember me what earſt I was,
Who brought ſuch troopes of ſoldiars to the fielde,
And of ſo many thouſand had command:

My

My flight a heauy memory doth renew,
Which tels me I was wont to ſtay and winne,
But now a ſouldier of my ſcatred traine:
Offered me ſeruice and did call me Lord,
O then I thought whome riſing Sunne ſaw high,
Deſcending lie beheld my miſery:
Flie to the holow roote of ſome ſteepe rocke,
And in that flinty habitation hide,
Thy wofull face from face and view of men.
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beſide:
Pompey was neuer wont his head to hide.
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearſt about thee ſmart,
Shame at thy heeles and greeſe lies at thy heart.
Tit. But ſee *Titinius* where two warriers ſtand,
Caſting their eyes downe to the cheareles earth:
Alaſſe to ſoone I know them for to bee
Pompey and *Brutus*, who like *Aiax* ſtand,
When as forſooke of Fortune mong'ſt his foes,
Greiſe ſtopt his breath nor could he ſpeake his woes,
Pom. Accurſed *Pompey*, loe thou art deſcried.
But ſtay; they are thy friends that thou beholdeſt,
O rather had I now haue met my foes (woes
Whoſe daggers poynts might ſtraight haue pierced my
Then thus to haue my friends behold my ſhame.
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,
Bru. *Brutus* Caſt vp thy diſcontented looke:
And ſee two Princes thy two noble friends,
Who though it greeues me that I thus them ſee,
Yet ioy I to bee ſeene they liuing be. *He ſpeakes vnto them.*
Let not the change of this ſucceſſes ſight,
(O noble Lords,) diſmay theſe dauntles mindes,
Which the fair e vertue not blind chance doth rule,
Cæſar not vs ſubdued hath, but *Rome*,
And in that fight twas beſt be ouerthrowne.
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but ſmale,
Whoſe victory is but his Countries fal,
Pom. O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and ſee,
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie ſlaine in field,

My hopes caſt downe, mine Honors ouerthrowne,
My Country ſubiect to a Tirants rule,
My foe triumphing and my ſelfe forlorne.
Oh had I periſhed in that proſperous warre
Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day,
When *Mithridates* fall did rayſe my fame:
Then had I gonne with Honor to my graue.
But *Pompey* was by enuious heauens reſeru'd,
Captiue to followe *Cæſars* Chariot wheeles
Riding in triumph to the Capitol:
And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,
Shall now reſound the blemiſh of my name.
Bru. Oh what diſgrace can taunt this worthineſſe,
Of which remaine ſuch liuing monuments
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.
Although the oppreſſion of diſtreſſed *Rome*
And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,
Diſtilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,
Yet ſhould no weake effeminate paſſion ſeaſe
Vpon that man, the greatneſſe of whoſe minde
And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.
Pom. Oh I did neuer taſt mine Honours ſweete
Nor now can iudge of this my ſharpeſt ſowre.
Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes ſweete ſoft lap
Haue I beene luld a ſleepe with pleaſant ioyes,
Me hath ſhe dandled in her foulding Armes,
And fed my hopes with proſperous euentes:
Shee Crownd my Cradle with ſucceſſe and Honour,
And ſhall diſgrace a waite my haples Hearſe?
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,
And now an ould man ſhall I waite my fall?
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs paſt,
The Conſul-ſhips and Honours I haue borne;
The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,
Then doth my grieued Soule informe me this,
My fall augmented by my former biſſe.
Bru. Why do we vſe of vertues ſtrength to vant,

If euery croſſe a Noble mind can daunt,
Wee talke of courage, then is courage knowne,
When with miſhap our ſtate is ouerthrowne:
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.
Wihch in the cheefeſt brunt doth ſhrinke and feare,
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue ſhew,
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,
Nor thinke this conqueſt ſhalbe *Pompeys* fall:
Or that *Pharſalia* ſhall thine honour bury,
Egipt ſhalbe vnpeopled for thine ayde.
And Cole-black *Libians*, ſhall manure the grounde
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.
Pom. O ſecond hope of ſad oppreſſed *Rome*,
In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue ſhines,
That purchaſt firſt the *Romaine* liberty,
Let me imbrace thee: liue victorious youth,
When death and angry fates ſhall call me hence,
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke.
My harder fortune, and more cruell ſtarrs.
Enuied to me ſo great a happines.
Do not prolong my life with vaine falſe hopes,
To deepe diſpaire and ſorrow I am vow'd:
Do not remououe me from that ſetled thought,
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,
Egipt and *Libia* at choyſe I haue.
But onely which of them He make my graue.
Tit. Tis but diſcomfort which miſgreeues thee this,
Greefe by diſpaire ſeemes greater then it is,
Bru. Tis womanniſh to wayle and mone our greefe,
By Induſtrie do wiſe men ſeeke releefe,
If that our caſting do fall out a miſſe,
Our cunning play muſt then correct the dice.
Pom. Well if it needs muſt bee then let me gee,
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,
And ſue and bow, where earſt I did command.
He that goeth ſeeking of a Tirant aide,
Though free he went, a ſeruant then is made.
Take we our laſt farwell, then though with paine,

Here

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Take we our laſt farwell, then though with paine,

Here

Heere three do part that ne're ſhall meet againe.

Exit Pompey at one dore, Titinius at another. Brutus alone.

ACTVS 1. SCENA 2.

Enter Cæſar

Cæſ. Follow your chaſe, and let your light-foote ſteedes
Flying as ſwift as did that winged horſe
That with ſtrong fethered *Pinions* cloue the Ayre,
Or take the coward flight of your baſe foe.
Bru. Do not with-drawe thy mortall woundring blade,
But ſheath it *Cæſar* in my wounded heart:
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground.
Thy fatall ſtroke of death ſhall more mee glad,
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;
My funerall Cypreſſe, then thy Lawrell Crowne,
My mournefull Beere ſhall winne more Praiſe and Fame
Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.
Heere in theſe fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,
And beare ſo many Romaines company.
Cæſa. T'was not 'gainſt thee this fatall blade was drawne
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender ſides
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,
For all the wronges thou didſt, or ſtrokes thou gau'ſt
Cæſar on thee will take no worſe reuenge,
Then bid thee ſtill commande him and his ſtate:
True ſetled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate.
Brut. To what a pitch would this mans vertues ſore,
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,
Cæſar thy ſword hath all bliſſe from me taine
And giueſt me life where beſt were to be ſlaine.
O thou haſt robd me of my chiefeſt ioy,
And ſeek'ſt to pleaſe me with a babiſh toye. *Exit Brutus.*
Cæſ. *Cæſar Pharſalia* doth thy conqueſt ſound
Iouas welcom meſſenger faire Victory,

Hath

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay.
And Io ioyfull, Io doth ſhe ſing
And through the world thy laſting prayſes ring.
But yet amidſt thy gratefull melody
I heare a hoarſe, and heauy dolfull voyce,
Of my deare Country crying, that to day
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.
In which how many fatall ſtrokes I gaue,
So many woundes her tender breſt receiu'd.
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,
Both ſlew vnknowing, both vnknowne are ſlaine,
O that ambition ſhould ſuch miſchiefe worke
Or meane Men die for great mens proud deſire.

ACTVS 1. SCENA 3.

Enter Anthony, Dolobella, Lord and others.

An. From ſad *Pharſalia* bluſhing al with bloud,
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthrowne,
Romains in forraine ſoyles, brething their laſt,
Reuenge, ſtange wars and dreadfull ſtratagems,
Wee come to ſet the Lawrell on thy head
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes.
Dolo. As when that *Hector* from the *Grecian* campe
With ſpoiles of ſlaughtered *Argians* return'd,
The *Troyan* youths with crownes of conquering palme:
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,
So for thy victory and conquering actes
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renowne,
Which ſhall enternally thy head adorne.
Lord. Now hath thy ſword made paſſage for thy ſelfe,
To wade in bloud of them that ſought thy death,
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high,
Whoſe mightineſſe earſt made him to be feard,
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

Whil'ſt thou remainſt the conquering *Hercules*
Triumphing in thy ſpoyles and victories.
Cæſ. When *Phœbus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate
Of his bright pallace, ſaw our battle rank'd:
Oft did hee ſeeke to turne his fiery ſteedes,
Oft hid his face, and ſhund ſuch tragick ſights.
What ſtranger paſſeſt euer by this coſt
Thee this accurſed ſoyle diſtainde with blood
Not Chriſtall riuers, are to quench thy thirſt,
For gouring ſtreames, their riuers cleereneſſe ſtaines:
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,
But heaped hils of mangled Carkaſes,
Heere are no birdes to pleaſe thee with their notes:
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horſe.
Anto. What meanes great *Cæſar*, droopes our generall,
Or melts in womaniſh compaſſion:
To ſee *Pharſalias* fieldes to change their hewe
And ſiluer ſtreames be turn'd to lakes of blood?
Why *Cæſar* oft hath ſacrific'd in *France*,
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* griſly dames:
And made the chang'd coloured *Rhene* to bluſh,
To beare his bloody burthen to the ſea.
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* ſhore
The *Romaine Æagle* brauely didſt aduance,
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,
No heart with more couragious Noble fire
And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.
And now ſhall paſſion baſe that Noble minde,
And weake euents that courrage ouercome?
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompeys* Complices
Die on our ſwords, that did enuie our liues,
Let pale *Tyſiphone* be cloyd with bloud:
And ſnaky furies quench their longing thirſt,
And *Cæſar* liue to glory in their end.
Cæſ. They ſay when as the younger *African*,
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:
And ſawe her ſtately Towers to ſmoke from farre,

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekes,
Let pity then and true compaſſion,
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,
But *Rome* our natiue Country, haples *Rome*,
Whoſe bowels so vngently we haue peerc'd,
Faire pride of *Europe*, Miſtreſſe of the world,
Cradle of vertues, nurſe of true renowne,
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of ſeauen hils:
That thou the lower worldes ſeauen climes mightſt rule.
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the cole-black *Moore*,
The ſterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maieſty.
And yet I bred and foſtered in thy lappe,
Durſt ſtriue to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.
Dolo. O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,
And thou enricht with ſpoyles of all the world,
Was waxen proud with peace and ſoueraine raigne:
That Ciuill warres ſhould looſe what Forraine wor-
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyles.
Lord. O *Pompey*, curſed cauſe of ciuill warre,
Which of thoſe hel-borne ſterne *Eumenides*:
Inflam'd thy minde with ſuch ambitious fire,
As nought could quench it but thy Countries bloud.
Dolo. But this no while thy valour doth deſtayne,
Which found'ſt vnſought for cauſe of ciuill broyles,
And fatall fuell which this fire enflamd.
Anto. Let then his death ſet period to this ſtrife,
Which was begun by his ambitious life.
Caſ. The flying *Pompey* to *Lariſſa* haſtes,
And by *Theſſalian* Temple ſhapes his courſe:
Where faire *Peneus* tumbles vp his waues,
Him weele purſue as faſt as he vs flies,
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horſe,
Nor ayded with the vnreſiſted powres

The *Meroe*, or ſeauen mouth'd Nile can yeeld:
No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence
Shall ſerue to ſhrowd him from my fatall ſworde. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SC. 4.

Enter Cato.

Ca. O where is baniſh'd liberty exil'd,
To *Affrick* deſerts or to *Scythia* rockes,
Or whereas ſiluer ſtreaming *Tanais* is?
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* bleſt,
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,
But we that boaſt of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,
Do greeue to looſe, that we ſo long haue held.
Why reckon we our yeares by Conſuls names?
And ſo long ruld in freedom, now to ſerue?
They lie that ſay in Heauen there is a powre
That for to wracke the ſinnes of guilty men,
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.
Why would he throw them downe on *Oéta* mount
Or wound the vnderringing *Rhodope*,
And not rayne ſhowers of his dead-doing dartes,
Furor in flame, and Sulphures ſmothering heate
Vpon the wicked and accurſ'd armes
That cruell *Romains* 'gainſt their Country beare.
Rome ware thy fall: thoſe prodigies foretould,
When angry heauens did powre downe ſhowers of blood
And fatall *Comets* in the heauens did blaſe,
And all the Statues in the Temple blaſt,
Did weepe the loſſe of *Romaine* liberty.
Then if the Gods haue deſtined thine end,
Yet as a Mother hauing loſt her Sonne,
Cato ſhall waite vpon thy tragick hearſe,
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corſe.
Ile tune a ſad and dol-full funerall ſong,

Still

Still crying on loſt liberties ſweete name,
Thy ſacred aſhes will I waſh with teares,
And thus lament my Countries obſequies.

ACT. 1. SC. 5.

Enter Pompey and Cornelia.

Cor. O cruel *Pompey* whether wilt thou flye,
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will
That ſtill it ſeuers in extremity.
O let me go with thee, and die with thee,
Nothing ſhall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke
That ſhee endures for her ſweete *Pompeys* ſake.
Pom. Tis for thy weale and ſafty of thy life,
Whoſe ſafty I preferre before the world,
Becauſe I loue thee more then all the world,
That thou (ſweete loue) ſhould'ſt heere remaine behinde
Till proofe aſſureth *Ptolomyes* doubted faith.
Cor. O deereſt, what ſhall I my ſafty call,
That which is thruſt in dangers harmefull mouth?
Lookes not the thing ſo bad with ſuch a name,
Call it my death, my bale, my woe, my hell,
That which indangers my ſweete *Pompeys* life.
Pom. It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,
Tis but thy feare that doth it ſo miscall.
Cor. If't bee no danger let me go with thee,
And of thy ſafty a partaker bee,
Alas why would'ſt thou leaue mee thus alone:
Think'ſt thou I cannot follow thee by Land
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,
Or do I varie in inconſtant hopes:
O but thinke you my pleaſure luckles is
And I haue made thee more vnfortunate.
Tis I, tis I, haue cauſ'd this ouerthrow,
Tis my accurſed ſtarres that boade this ill,
And thoſe miſ-fortunes to my princely loue,

Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,
And end my woes by ending of my life,
Pom. What meanes my loue to aggrauate my griefe,
And torture my enough tormented Soule,
With greater greuance then *Pharſalian* loſſe?
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,
And theſe fayr Seas, that raine downe ſhowers of teare,
Do melt my ſoule in liqued ſtreames of ſorrow.
If that in *Ægipt* any daunger bee,
Then let my death procure thy ſweet liues ſafety,
Cor. Can I bee ſafe and *Pompey* in diſtreſſe,
Or may *Cornelia* ſuruiue they death,
What daunger euer happens to my Soule,
What daunger eke ſhall happen to my life,
Nor *Libians* quick-ſands, nor the barking gulfe,
Or gaping *Scylla* ſhall this Vnion part,
But ſtill Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.
Pom. O how thy loue doth eaſe my greeued minde,
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,
Vnder the which ſteele-ſhouldred Atlas grones.
But now thy loue doth hurt thy ſelfe and me,
And thy to ardent ſtrong affection,
Hinders my ſetled reſolution.
Then by this loue, and by theſe chriſtall eyes,
More bright then are the Lamps of *Ioues* high houſe,
Let me in this (I feare) my laſt requeſt,
Not to indanger thy beloued life,
But in this ſhip remayne, and here awaite,
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,
Cor. Not ſo perſwaded as coniurd ſweete loue,
By thy commanding meeke petition.
I cannot ſay I yeeld, yet am conſtraind,
This neuer meeting parting to permit,
Then go deere loue, yet ſtay a little while,
Some what I am ſhure, tis more I haue to ſay,
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy ſteps.
Yet let me ſpeake, why ſhould we part ſo ſoone?

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the laſt.
Do women leaue their husbands in ſuch haſt,
Pom. More faithfull, then that fayre deflowred dame,
That ſacrifizde her ſelfe to Chaſtety,
And far more louing then the *Charian* Queene,
That dranke her Husbands neuer ſundred heart.
If that I dye, yet will it glad my ſoule,
Which then ſhall feede on thoſe *Eliſian* ioyes,
That in the ſacred Temple of thy breaſt,
My liuing memory ſhall ſhrined bee.
But if that enuious fates ſhould call thee hence,
And Death with pale and meager looke vſurpe,
Vpon thoſe roſiate lips, and Currall cheekes,
Then Ayre be turnde, to poyſon to infect me,
Earth gape and ſwallow him that Heauens hate,
Conſume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,
Or Water drowne, who elſe would melt in teares.
But liue, liue happy ſtill, in ſafety liue,
Who ſafety onely to my life can giue. *Exit.*
Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him,
My vow forbids, yet ſtill my care is with thee,
My cryes ſhall wake the ſiluer Moone by night,
And with my teares I will ſalute the Morne.
No day ſhall paſſe with out my dayly plaints,
No houre without my prayers for thy returne.
My minde miſgiues mee *Pompey* is betrayd.
O *Ægypt* do not rob me of my loue,
Why beareth *Ptolomy* ſo ſterne a locke?
O do not ſtaine thy childiſh yeares with blood:
Whil'ſt *Pompey* floriſhed in his Fortunes pride,
Ægypt and *Ptolomy* were faine to ſerue
And ſiue for grace to my diſtreſſed Lord:
But little bootes it, to record he was,
To be is onely that which Men reſpect,
Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the ſhore
And ſee the waters raging Billowes ſwell,
And beate with fury gainſt the craggy rockes,
To that compare thy ſtrong tempeſtuous griefe.

VVhich

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,
Sorrow ſhuts vp the paſſage of thy breath:
And dries the teares that pitty faine would ſhed,
This onely therefore this will I ſtill crie,
Let *Pompey* liue although *Cornelia* die. *Exit.*

ACTVS 1. SCENA. 6.

Enter Cæſar, Cleopatra, Dolobella, Lord and others

Cæſ. Thy ſad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuſe,
But mooue a heart though made of *Adamant*,
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,
I will replant thee in the *Ægiptian* Throne
And all thy wrongs ſhall *Cæſars* vallor right,
Ile pull thy crowne from the vſurpers head,
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to ſtoope,
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene.
Cleo. Looke as the Earth at her great loues approch,
When goulden treſſed fayre *Hipperions* Sonne
With thoſe life-lending beames ſalutes his Spouſe,
Doth then caſt of her moorning widdowes weeds,
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,
To cloth her in the beauty of the ſpring,
And of fayre primroſes, and ſweet violets,
To make gay Garlonds for to crowne her head.
So hath your preſence, welcome and fayre ſight,
That glads the world, comforts poore *Ægipts* Queene,
Who begs for ſuccor of that conquering hand,
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth ſway.
Dolo. Who would refuſe to ayde ſo fayre a Queene.
Lord. Baſe bee the mind, that for ſo ſweet a fayre,
Would not aduenture more then *Perſeus* did,
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.
Cæſar. O how thoſe louely *Tyranizing* eyes,
The Graces beautious habitation,
Where ſweet deſire, dartes woundring ſhafts of loue:
Conſume my heart with inward burning heate,
Not onely *Ægipt* but all *Africa*,

Will

Will I ſubiect to *Cleopatras* name.
Thy rule ſhall ſtretch from vnknowne *Zanziber*,
Vnto thoſe Sandes where high erected poaſtes.
Of great *Alcides*, downe hold his name,
The ſunne burnt Indians, from the eaſt ſhall bring:
Their pretious ſtore of pure refined gould,
The laboring worme ſhall weaue the *Africke* twiſte,
And to exceed the pompe of *Perſian* Queene,
The Sea ſhall pay the tribute of his pearles.
For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,
Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,
Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power.
Anto. I marueyle not at that which fables tell,
How raviſht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,
To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious ſeege,
To re-obtayne a beauty ſo diuine,
When I beheld thy ſweete compoſed face.
O onely worthy for whoſe matchles ſake,
Another ſeege, and new warres ſhould ariſe,
Hector be dragde about the *Grecian* campe,
And *Troy* againe conſumed with *Grecian* fire.
Cleo. Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,
Nought haue poore Virgins to requite ſuch good:
My ſimple ſelfe and ſeruice then vouchſafe,
And let the heauens, and he that althings ſees.
With equall eyes ſuch merits recompence,
I doe not ſeeke ambitiouſly to rule,
And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.
I onely craue that what my father gaue,
Who in his laſt be-heſt did dying, will,
That I ſhould ioyntly with my brother raigne:
But. How ſweet thoſe words drop from thoſe hunny lips
Which whilſt ſhe ſpeakes they ſtill each other kiſſe.
Ceſa, Raigne, I, ſtil raigne in *Ceſars* conquered thoughts,
There build thy pallace, and thy ſun-bright throne:
There ſway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,
Thoſe traiterous thoughts (if any dare aryſe:)
That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

To chaſe thee flying *Pompey* haue I cut,
The great *Ionian*, and *Egean* ſeas:
And dredeles paſt the toyling Helleſpont,
Famous for amorous *Leanders* death:
And now by gentle Fortunes ſo am bleſt,
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,
And gaze vpon theſe firy ſun-bright eyes:
The Heauenly ſpheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,
Theſe Cheekes where Lillyes and red-roſes ſtriue,
For ſoueraignty, yet both do equall raigne:
The dangling treſſes of thy curled haire,
Nets weand to catch our frayle and wandring thoughts:
Thy beauty ſhining like proud *Phœbus* face,
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,
That from their noſtrels do the morning blow,
Through Heauens great path-way pau'd with ſhining (ſtarres)
Thou art the fixed pole of my Soules ioy,
Bout which my reſteles thoughts are ouer turn'd:
My *Cynthia*, whoſe glory neuer waynes,
Guyding the Tide of mine affections:
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,
Doſt make my doubtfull ioyes to ebb and flowe.

Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achiu'd,
That make thy farre extolled name to ſound:
From ſun-burnt Eaſt vnto the VVeſtern Iles,
VVhich great *Neptunus* fouldeth in his armes,
It ſhall not be the leaſt to ſeat a Maide,
And inthronize her in her natiue right.

Lord. VVhat needs you ſtand diſputing on your right,
Or proouing title to the *Ægiptian* Crowne:
Borne to be Queene and Empreſſe of the world.

An. On thy perfection let me euer gaze,
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,
Heere may you ſurfet with delicious ſtore,
The more you ſee, deſire to looke the more:
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

Exceeding

Exceeding far *Adonis* fayned Bowre,
Heere ſtaind white Lyllies ſpread their branches faire,
Heere lips ſend forth ſweete Gilly-flowers ſmell,
And Damaſck-roſe in her faire cheekes do bud,
VVhile beds of Violets ſtill come betweene
VVith freſh varyety to pleaſe the eye,
Nor neede theſe flowers the heate of *Phœbus* beames,
They cheriſht are by vertue of her eyes.
O that I might but enter in this bowre,
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower.

Caſ. Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,
Famous for thoſe wide wondred *Piramids*.
Whoſe towring tops do ſeeme to threat the ſkie,
And make it proud by preſence of my loue:
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hils,
And ſacred *Gnidas* bonnet vaile to it,
A fayrer ſaint then *Venus* there ſhall dwell.

Antho. Led with the lode-ſtarre of her lookes, I go
As crazed Bark is toſſ'd in trobled Seas,
Vncertaine to ariue in wiſhed port.

ACT. I. FINIS.

Enter Diſcord. *Flaſhes of fire.*

Antho. Now *Caſar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt
Thoſe golden gifts and promiſ'd victories.
By fatall ſignes at *Rubicon* foretould:
Then triumph in thy glorious greateſt pride,
And boaſt thou caſt the lucky Die ſo well,
Now let the *Triton* that did ſound alarme,
In his ſhrill trump reſound the victory,
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.
Though *Caſar* be as great as great may be,
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,
And how he rode clad in *Setorius* ſpoyles:
And the *Sicilian* Pirats ouerthrowe.

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,
Who baſely now by Land and Sea doth flie,
The heauenly *Rectors* proſecuting wrath,
Yet Sea nor Land can ſhroud him from this iar,
O how it ioyes my diſcord thirſting thoughts,
To ſee them waight, that whilom flow'd in bliſſe.
To ſee like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.
And *Roman* weapons ſhethd in *Roman* blood,
For this I left the deepe Infernall ſhades
And paſt the ſad *Auernus* vgly iawes,
And in the world came I, being Diſcord hight,
Diſcord the daughter of the greeſly night.
To make the world a hell of plauges and woes,
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddeſſes,
That ſo much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* ſpilt,
Twas I that cauſed the deadly *Thebans* warre,
And made the brothers ſwell with endleſſe hate.
And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry
Which to the world do bring al miſery.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter Achillas, and Sempronius.

Ach. Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,
To murther *Pompey* when he comes on ſhore,
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they ſelfe.
To execute the charge thou haſt in hand,
Sem. I am a *Romaine*, and haue often ſerued,
Vnder his collours, when in former ſtate,
Pompey hath bin the Generall of the field,
But cauſe I ſee that now the world is changd:
And like wiſe feele ſome of King *Ptolomeis* gould.
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,
And ſend him packing to his longeſt home.
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made,
Who when he ſhould haue ſtabbed *Marius*,

They

They ſay he was aſtoniſhed with his lookes.
Marius, had I beene there, thou neere hadſt liu'd,
To brag thee of thy ſeauen Conſulſhips.
Achil. Brauely reſolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*,
The damnedſt villaine that ere I heard ſpeake:
But great men ſtill muſt haue ſuch inſtruments,
To bring about their purpoſe, which once donne,
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:
Thou ſhalt no leſſe (ſtout *Romaine*) be renownd,
For being *Pompeys* Deathſ-man, then was he,
That fir'd the faire *Ægiptian* Goddeſſe Church.
Sem. Nay that's al one, report ſay what ſhe liſt,
Tis for no ſhadowes I aduenture for:
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods,
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:
Brothers this ſets at ods, turnes loue to hate;
It makes the Sonne to wiſh his Father hang'd
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,
This hand, this ſword, ſhould rape and rip it out.
Achil. Compaſſion would that greedineſſe reſtraine.
Sem. I that's my fault, I am to compaſſionate,
Why man, art thou a ſouldier and doſt talke
Of womaniſh pity and compaſſion?
Mens eyes muſt mil-ſtones drop, when fooles ſhed teares,
But ſoft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Truſting vpon King *Ptolomeys* promiſ'd fayth,
And hoping ſuccor, I am come to ſhore:
In *Egipt* heere a while to make aboade.
Sem. Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou doſt expect.
Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your ſtate makes
That thinke your Honors to be permanent, (proud)
Of Fortunes change ſee heere a preſident,
Who whilom did command, now muſt intreate
And ſue for that which to accept of late,
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

Sem. I pray thee *Pompey* do not ſpend thy breath,
In reckning vp theſe ruſty titles now,
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,
I muſt confeſſe thou wert my Generall,
But that cannot a vaile to ſaue thy life.
Talke of thy Fortune while thou liſt,
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fiſt.

Pom. O you that know what hight of honor meanes,
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,
Haue clim'd the heigheſt top of ſoueraignety.
From all that pomp to be caſt hed-long downe,
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth ſuſtayne,
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,
But to be met with troopes of Horſe and Men.
With playes and pageants to be entertaynd,
A courtly trayne in royall rich aray,
With ſpangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,
Mounted on ſteeds, with braue Capariſons deckt,
That in their gates did ſeeme to ſcorne the Earth,
Was wont my intertaynment beautifie,
But now thy comming is in meaner ſort,
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate.

Sem. What doſt thou for ſuch entertaynement looke,
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bee,
I haue prouided for thy going hence.

Achi. I will draw neere, and with fayre pleaſing ſhew,
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth
The wandering ſhipman in with her charming ſong.

Pom. O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,
Framed vp in honors vncontrouled ſchoole,
To ſerue and ſue, whoe erſt did rule and ſway?
What ſhall I goe and ſtoope to *Ptolomey*,
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,

Ach. Wellcome a ſhore moſt great and gratious prince
Welcome to *Ægipt* and to *Ptolomey*.
The King my Maiſter is at hand my Lord,
To gratulate your ſafe ariuall heere.

Sem.

Sem. This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,
Which muſt thy comming gra'ulate a non,
Pom. Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,
It ioyes me much that in extremity,
I found ſo ſure a friend as *Ptolomey*,
Sem. Now is the date of thy proud life expird,
To which my poniard muſt a full poynt put,
Pompey from *Ptolomey* I come to thee,
From whome a preſant and a guift I bring,
This is the gift and this my meſſage is *Stab him*
Pom. O Villaine thou haſt ſlayne thy Generall,
And with thy baſe hand gor'd my royall heart.
Well I haue liued till to that height I came,
That all the world did tremble at my name,
My greatneſſe then by fortune being enuied,
Stabd by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.
Ach. What is he dead, then ſtraight cut of his head,
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings:
Cæſar no doubt with praiſe and noble thanks,
Regarding well this well deſerued deede,
Whome weele preſent with this moſt pleaſing gift,
Sem. Loe you my maiſters, hee that kills but one,
Is ſtraight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,
But they that vſe to kill men by the great,
And thouſandes ſlay through their ambition,
They are braue champions, and ſtout warriors cald,
Tis like that he that ſteales a rotten ſheepe
That in a dich would elſe haue caſt his hide,
He for his labour hath the haltars hier,
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath ſlayne.

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 2.

Enter Cornelia.

Corne. O traterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,

Or

Or if that needes they muſt be waſht in blood,
Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* breſt.
Ay mee as I ſtood looking from the Ship
(Accurſed ſhippe that did not ſinke and drowne
And ſo haue ſau'd me from ſo loa.h'd a ſight)
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)
I ſawe thoſe villaines that but now were heere:
Bucher my loue and then with violence,
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;
What doſt thou ſtand to play the Oratrix,
And tell a tale of thy deere huſbands death?
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?
Go curſed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,
Drowne blobred cheekes in ſeas of ſalteſt teares.
And if, it be true that ſorrowes feeling powre,
Could turne poore *Niobe* into a weeping ſtone
O let mee weepe a like, and like ſtone be,
And you poore lights, that ſawe this tragick ſight,
Be blind and punniſh'd with eternall night.
Vnhappy long to ſpeake, bee neare ſo bould
Since that thou this ſo heauy tale haſt tould.
Theſe are but womaniſh exclamations
Light ſorrowe makes ſuch lamentations,
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,
This for thy loue ſhalbe my beſt welfare. *Stab her ſelfe.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 3.

Enter Cæſar, Cleopatra, Anthony, Dolobella, a Lord,

Cæſar. There ſterne *Achillas* and *Fortunius* lie,
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,
Go plead your cauſe fore the angry *Rhadamant*,
And tel him why you baſely *Pompey* ſlew.
And let your guilty blood appeaſe his Ghoſt,
That now ſits wandring by the Stygian bankes,

Vnworthy

Vnworthy ſacrifice to quite his worth,
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this ſtrife;
Yet now in death when ſtrife and enuy ceaſe.
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,
Moue me to rue thy vndeſerued death,
That found a greater daunger then it fled;
Vnhapy man to ſcape ſo many wars,
And to protract thy glorious day ſo long,
Here for to periſh in a barbarous ſoyle,
And end liues date ſtabd by a Baſtards hand,
But yet with honour ſhalt thou be Intomb'd,
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,
And put thy aſhes in an Vrne of gold,
And build with marble a deſerued graue.
Whoſe worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.
Dola, See how compaſſion drawes foorth Princely teares
And Vertue weepes her enemies funerall,
So ſorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,
When *Beſſus* hand cauſ'd *Darius* to die.
Ant. Theſe greeued ſorrowing Princes do with me,
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,
Our gate is diſcontented, heauy our lookes,
Our ſorrowes all a like, but diſlike cauſe.
Their foe is their grifes cauſer which my friend,
It is the loſſe of one that makes them wayle,
But I, that one there is a cruell one,
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.
Fayre beames caſt forth from theſe diſmayfull eyes,
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and ſorrowes giues,
Cleo. Forget ſweete Prince theſe ſad perlexed thoughts,
Withdraw thy mind in clowdy diſcontent,
And with *Egiptian* pleaſures feed thine eyes,
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,
And Monuments that ſpeake the workemens prayſe?
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe,
Where he, whome all the world could not ſuffice,

In bare ſix foote of Earth, intombed lies,
And ſhew thee all the coſt and curious art,
Which either *Cleops* or our *Memphis* boaſt:
Would you command a banquit in the Court,
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,
Fayrer then that wherein great *Ioue* doth ſit,
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his Queene,
A ſtately Pallace, whoſe fayre doble gates:
Are wrought with garniſh'd Carued Iuory,
And ſtately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.
With Orient Pearles and Indian ſtones imboſt,
With golden Rooſes that gliſter like the Sunne,
Shalbe prepard to entertaine my Loue:
Or wilt thou ſee our *Academick* Schooles,
Or heare our Prieſts to reaſon of the ſtarres,
Hence *Plato* fecht his deepe Philoſophy;
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

Antho. More then moſt faire, another Heauen to me,
The ſtarres where on Ile gaze ſhalbe thy face,
Thy morall deedes my ſweete Philoſophy,
Venus the muſe whoſe ayde I muſt implore.
O let me profit in this ſtudy beſt,
For Beauties ſcholler I am now preſeſt.

Lord. See how this faire *Egiptian* Sorceres,
Enchantes theſe Noble warriars manlike mindes,
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

Cæſ. Móſt glorious Queene, whoſe cheerefull ſmiling (words)
Expell theſe cloudes that ouer caſt my minde.
Cæſar will ioy in *Cleopatras* ioy,
And thinke his fame no whit diſparaged,
To change his armes, and deadly ſounding droms,
For loues ſweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,
And now hang vp theſe Idle inſtruments.
My warlike ſpeare and vncontrouled creſt:
My mortall wounding ſword and ſiluer ſhield,
And vnder thy ſweete banners beare the brunt,
Of peacefull warres and amarous Alarmes:
Why *Mars* himſelfe his bloudy rage alayd,

Dallying

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd,
And great *Alcides*, when he did returne:
From *Iunos* talkes, and *Nemean* victories,
From monſters fell, and *Nemean* toyles:
Repoſed himſelfe in *Deianiras* armes.
Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,
Heere the *non vltra* of my labors write,
And with theſe Cheekes of Roſes, lockes of Gold,
End my liues date, and trauayles manifould.

Dolo. How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,
From the purſuit of honours due reward,
Beſides *Caribdis*, and fell *Scyllas* ſpight:
More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipſoes* cup,
Then pleaſant gardens of *Alcionus*:
And thouſand lets voluptiouſneſſe doth offer.

Cæſ. I will regard no more theſe murtherous ſpoyles,
And bloudy triumphs that I lik'd of late:
But in loues pleaſures ſpend my wanton dayes,
Ile make thee garlondes of ſweete ſmelling flowers,
And with faire roſall Chaplets crowne thy head,
The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phebus* Land:
Freſh *Amarinthus* that doth neuer die,
And faire *Narciſſus* deere reſpendent ſhoars,
And Violets of Daffadilles ſo ſweete,
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,
Whil'ſt I will ſtill gaze on thy beautious eyes,
And with Ambroſean kiſſes bath thy Cheekes.

Cleo. Come now faire Prince, and feaſt thee in our Courts
Where liberall *Ceres*, and *Lieus* fat,
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull ſtore,
The ſparkling liquor ſhall ore-flow his bankes:
And *Meroe* learne to bring forth pleaſant wine,
Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furtheſt Ind,
Shall ſpend their treaſuries of *Spicery*,
VVith *Nardus* Coranets weele guird our heads:
And al the while melodious warbling notes,
Paſſing the ſeauen-fould harmony of Heauen:
Shall ſeeme to rauiſh our enchanted thoughts,

Thus is the feate of vnkinde *Ptolomey*,
Changed by thee to feaſt in ſolitye.
Antho. O how mine eares ſuck vp her heauenly words,
The whil'ſt mine eyes do prey vpon her face:
Cæſ. Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,
This day weele ſpend in mirth and banquering.
Antho. Had I Queene, *Iunoes* heard-mans hundred eies,
To gaze vpon theſe two bright Sunnes of hirs:
Yet would they all be blinded inſtantly.
Cæſ. VVhat hath ſome Melancholy diſcontent,
Ore-come thy minde with trobled paſſions.
Ant. Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,
Her beauties pleaſing colours would reſtore,
Decayed ſight with freſh variety.
Lord. Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,
Cæſar inuites thee to the royall feaſt,
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.
Antho. Pardon me worthy *Cæſar* and you Lords,
In not attending your moſt gratious ſpeech
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,
Som-what diſtempered my buſy head.
Cæſ. Let no ſuch thoughts diſtemper now thy minde,
This day to *Bacchus* will wee conſecrate,
And in deepe goblets of the pureſt wine,
Drinke healths vnto our ſeuerall friends at home.
Antho. If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,
But ſpend my life in this ſweete paradiſe. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 4.

Enter Cicero, Brutus, Caſca, Camber, Trebonius.

Cice. Moſt prudent heads, that with your councels wiſe,
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* ſuſtaine,
You ſee how ciuill broyles haue torne our ſtate:
And priuate ſtrife hath wrought a publique wo,
Theſſalia boaſts that ſhe hath ſeene our fall,

And

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,
Looſing her rule, to ſerue is now conſtrayn'd,
Pompey the hope and ſtay of Common-weale,
VVhoſe vertues promiſ'd *Rome* ſecurity
Now flies diſtreſt, diſconſolate, forlorne,
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors ſcorne.
Caſ. VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope,
But in laments and bitter future woe,
To wey the downefall of her former pride:
Againe *Porſenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,
And *Rome* againe doth ſmoke with furious flames.
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthrowne,
And ſubiect made to conqueror Tirany.
Bru. Moſt Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.
VVith that ſame looke, that great *Atrides* ſtood,
At cruell alter ſtaind with Daughters blood,
VVhen *Pompey* fled purſuing *Cæſars* ſword,
And thought to ſhun his following deſteny.
And then began to thinke on many a friend,
And many a one recalled hee to minde:
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,
And vowed ſeruice at his princely feete,
From out the reſt, the yong *Egipsian* King,
VVhoſe Father of an Exild baniſh'd man
Hee ſeated had in throne of Maieſty,
Him choſe, to whome he did commit his life,
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes paſt)
The Riſing Sunne, not Setting, doth men pleaſe,
To ill committed was ſo great a truſt,
Vnto ſo baſe a Fortune fauoring minde.
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,
By Treaſon cauſ'd great *Pompey* to be ſlaine:
Caſca. O damned deede,
Cam. O Trayterous *Ptolomey*.
Tre. O moſt vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

Cum. What plages may ſerue to expiate this act,
The rouling ſtone or euerturning wheele,
The quenchles flames of firy *Phlegeton*,
Or endles thirſt of which the Poets taike,
Are all to gentle for ſo vilde a deede.
Caſ. Well did the *Cibills* vnreſpected verſe.
Bid thee beware of *Crocadiliſh Nile*,
Ter. And art thou in a barbarous ſoyle betrayd,
Defrawded *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,
There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearſe,
None could thy Conſulſhipes and triumphs tell,
And in thy death ſet fourth thy liuing praiſe,
None would erect to thee a ſepulcher,
Or put thine aſhes in a pretious vrne,
Cice. Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,
Nor thinke him wreched, cauſe he wants a Tombe,
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:
Thinke you a heape of ſtones could him incloſe,
Whoe in the *Oceans* circuite buried is,
And euery place where *Roman* names are heard,
The world is his graue where liuing fame doth blaze,
His funerall praiſe through his immortall trump,
And ore his tombe vertue and honor ſits,
With rented heare and eyes beſpent with teares,
And waile and weepe their deere ſonne *Pompeys* death,
Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this griefe,
Caſar the *Senates* deadly enimie,
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,
Caſ. This was the end at which he alwayes aymd,
Tre. Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,
Riſe noble *Romaine*, riſe from rotten Tombes,
And with your ſwordes recouer that againe:
With your braue prowes won, our baſenes loſt,
Cic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds,
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.
Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.
Caſar although of high aſpiring thoughtes,

And

And vncontrould ambitious Maieſty,
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,
You ſee hee commeth conqueror of the Eaſt
Clad in the ſpoyles of the *Pharſalian* fieldes,
Then wee vnable to reſiſt ſuch powre:
By gentle peace and meeke ſubmiſſion,
Muſt ſeeke to pacifie the victors wrath. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 5.

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.

Cat. Sen. My Sonne thou ſeeſt howe all are ouerthrowne,
That fought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,
Egipt forſakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,
Where hee moſt ſuccor did expect to haue:
Scipio is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,
Affrick to vs doth former ayde denay,
O who will helpe men in aduerſity:
Yet let vs ſhewe in our declining ſtate,
That ſtrength of minde, that vertues conſtancy,
That erſt we did in our felicity,
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our ſelues,
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne;
Fortune of others, aboue all things, ſee
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,
All bleſſings Fathers to their Sonnes can wiſh
Heauens powre on thee, and now my ſonne with-drawe
Thy ſelfe a while and leaue me to my booke.
Cat. Iun. What meanes my Father by this ſolemne leaue?
Firſt he remembred me of my Fortunes change,
And then more earneſtly did me exhort
To Counrries loue, and conſtancy of minde,
Then he was wont: ſom-whats the cauſe,
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,
His to courragious heart that cannot beare
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

By

By his owne hand threats danger to his life,
How ere it be at hand I will abide,
VVayting the end of this that shal betide. *Exit.*

Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.

Cato Sen. *Plato* that promised immortality,
Doth make my soule resolue it selfe to mount,
Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall ioyes,
VVhere freed from lothed Prison of my soule,
In heauenly notes to *Phœbus* which shall sing:
And *Pean Io*, *Pean* loudely ring.
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolue,
But with a courage and thy liues last act,
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.
Who cause thou feareſt ill do therefore die,
O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthrowe,
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,
Those bloudy songes of *Hilias* dismall fight:
And note with black, that black and curſed day,
When *Cæsar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,
Yet will not I his conqueſt glorifie:
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *stabs himself.*

Enter Cato Iunior running to him.

Ca. Iun. O this it was my minde told me before,
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,
Doſt thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:
And mak'ſt the baſe Earth to drinke thy Noble bloud,
Bee not more sterne, and cruell 'gainſt thy selfe,
Then thy moſt hateful enemies would be,
No *Parthian*, *Gaule*, *Moore*, no not *Cæsars* selfe,
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatall blade:
VVhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,
A breſt ſo fraught with vertue excellent.

Ca. Seni. VVhy doſt thou let me of my firme reſolue,

Vnkinde

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,
Why doſt thou ſlay me, or wilt thou betray
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,
In thy ſoules kindeneſſe, tis thou art vnkinde.
Cat. Iun. If for your ſelfe you do this life reiect,
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: ſake reſpect,
Rob not my yong yeares of ſo ſweete a ſtay,
Nor take from *Rome* the Pillor of her ſtrength.
Cat. Sene. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:
But for my Country, could my life it profit,
Ile not refuſe to liue that died for it,
Now doth but one ſmal ſnuffe of breath remaine:
And that to keepe, ſhould I mine Honor ſtaine?
Cat. Iuni. Where you do ſtriue to ſhew your vertue moſt,
There more you do diſgrace it Cowards vſe,
To ſhun the woes and trobles of this life:
Baſely to flie to deaths ſafe ſanctuary,
When conſtant vertues doth the hotteſt brunt's,
Of griefes aſſaultes vnto the end endure.
Ca. Seni. Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,
And call ſome help to binde my bleeding wounds.
Cat. Iuni. Father I go with a more willing minde,
Then did *Æneas* when from *Troyan* fire,
He bare his Father, and did ſo reſtore:
The greateſt gift hee had receiued before. *Exit.*
Cat. Seni. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,
Which interrupted my reſolued will,
Which all the world can neuer ſtay nor change:
Cæſar whoſe rule commands both Sea and Land,
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,
And time ſucceeding ſhall behold that I
Although not liue, yet died courragiouſly. *ſtab himſelfe.*

Enter Cato Iunior.

Ca. Iuni. O haſt thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:
Becauſe it would not beare the Conquerors inſolence,

Vſed on it ſelfe this cruell violence,
I know not whether I ſhould more lament,
That by thine owne hand thou thus ſlaughtred art,
Or ioy that thou ſo nobly didſt depart. *Exit.*

FINIS. ACTVS. 2.

Enter Diſcord.

Diſ. Now *Cæſar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompeys* ſpoyle:
Ambition now doth vertues ſeat vſurp,
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adaſtria* Queene.
Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,
And call the ſnaky furies from below,
To daſh the ioy of their triumphing pride,
Erinnis kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,
In diſcontented *Brutus* boyling breſt,
Let *Cæſar* die a bleeding ſacrifice,
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.
Why ſleepeſt thou *Caſſius*? wake thee from thy dreame:
And yet thou naught doſt dreame but blood and death.
For dreadfull viſions do affright thy ſleepe.
And howling Ghoſts with gaſtly horrors cry,
By *Caſſius* hand muſt wicked *Cæſar* die,
Now *Rome* caſt of thy gaudy painted robes
And cloth thy ſelfe in ſable colored weedes,
Change thy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,
And *Cæſar* caſt thy Laurell crowne apart,
And bind thy temples with ſad *Cypres* tree,
Of warrs thus peace inſues, of peace more harmes,
Then erſt was wrought by tragick wars alarmes, *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Harke how *Cæſarians* with reſounding ſhoutes,
Tell heauens of their pompes and victories,

Cæſar

Cæſar that long in pleaſures idle lap,
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,
Had luld his ſterne and bloody thoughts a ſleepe,
Now in *Rome* ſtreets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,
And to the *Romains* ſhews thoſe *Tropheyes* ſad,
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get:
The Tyrant mounted in his gouldē chayre,
Rides drawne with milke white palferies in like pride,
As *Phœbus* from his Orientall gate,
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegetons* backes.
Comes prauncing forth, ſhaking his dewie locks:
Cæſar thou art in glorye's cheefeſt pride,
Thy ſonne is mounted in the higheſt poynt:
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,
Her wheele muſt turne, thy glory muſt eclipſe,
Thy Sunne deſcend and looſe his radiant light,
And if none be, whoſe countryes ardent loue,
And loſſe of *Roman* liberty can moue,
Ile be the man that ſhall this taske performe.
Caſſius hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* ſoule,
Caſſius hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,
Caſſius hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth, *Exit*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dolobella, Lords, two Romaines, & others

Cæſar. Now haue I ſhaked of theſe womaniſh linkes,
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a ſore,
By that fayre charming *Circes* wounding look,
And now like that ſame ten yeares trauayler,
Leauing be-hind me all my troubles paſt.
I come awayted with attending fame,
Who through her ſhrill triump doth my name reſound,
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Poe*,
(Yet a ſad witner of the Sunne-Gods loſſe,)
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,
Which to the worlds end ſhall it bound it againe,

As from *Phegiean* fields the King of Gods,
With conquering ſpoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,
When great *Typheus* fell by thundering darts,
And rod away with their Cæleſtiall troops,
In greateſt pride through Heauens ſmooth paued way,
So ſhall the Pompeous glory of my traine,
Daring to match ould *Saturns* kingly Sonne,
Call downe theſe goulden lampes from the bright skie,
And leaue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.
This laurell garland in fayre conqueſt made,
Shall ſtayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,
Caſſiopea leaue thy ſtarry chayre,
And onmy Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cæſar* beare.
To Earths aſtoniſhment, and amaze of Heauen:
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy ſeuen-fould ſeate,
And ſee the world thy ſubiect, at thy feete,
And *Cæſar* ruling ouer all the world.

Dolo. Now let vs ceaſe to boaſt of *Romulus*,
Firſt author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,
The ſcurge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,
Nor of vnconquered *Pulus* dauntles minde,
Since *Cæſars* glory them exceedes as farre
As ſhining *Phebe* doth the dimmeſt ſtarre.

Aut. Like as the Ship-man that hath loſt the ſtarre.
By which his doubtfull ſhip he did direct,
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,
So hauing loſt my ſtarr, my Gouerneſſe.
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,
In greeſe I wander and in ſad diſmay:
And though of triumphes and of victoryes,
I do the out-ward ſignes and *Trophies* beare,
Yet ſee mine inward mind vnder that face,
Whoſe colours to theſe Triumphes is diſgrace.

Lord. As when from vanquiſhed *Macedonia*,
Triumphing ore King *Perſius* ouerthrow,

Conquering

Conquering *Æmelius*, in great glory came.
Shewing the worlds ſpoyles which he had bereft,
From the ſucceſſors of great *Alexander*,
With ſuch high pomp, yea greater victories,
Caſar triumphing coms into fayre *Rome*,
1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,
Which ancient times in ſeuerall men commended,
Alcides ſtrength, *Achilles* vntles heart,
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.
Sterne *Pyrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,
Brought forth in that ſame ten years *Troians* warre.
2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.
Thou mighty ſeate of conſuls and of Kings:
Ouer-victorious now Earths Conquerer,
Welcome thy valiant ſonne that to thee brings,
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.
Caſar. The conquering Iſſue of immortall *Ioue*,
Which in the *Perſian* ſpoyles firſt fetch his fame.
Then through *Hydaſpis*, and the *Caſpian* waues,
Vnto the ſea vnknowne his praiſe did propagate,
Muſt to my glory vayle his conquering creſt:
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Aſrick Sirts* hee paſt.
Bactrians and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,
Whereby his armes reſiſtles, powers ſubdued,
And *Ganges* ſtreames congeald with *Indian* blood,
Could not tranſeport his burthen to the ſea.
But theſe nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,
Nor toſt theſe bloody bals, of dread and death:
Arar and proud *Saramna* ſpeaks my praiſe,
Rohdans ſhrill *Tritons* through their braſen trumpes,
Ecco my fame againſt the *Gallian* Towers,
And *Iſis* wept to ſee her daughter *Thames*.
Chainge her cleere criſtall, to vermilian ſad,
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* ſtout,
Which well haue learned to toſſe a tusked ſpeare,
And well can curbe a noble ſtomackt horſe,
Can *Caſars* vallour witnes to their greeſe

Iuba the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horſe,
Hath felt the puiſſance of a *Roman* ſword.
I entred *Aſia* with my banners ſpred,
Diſplayed the *Æ*gle on the Euxin ſea:
By *Iaſon* firſt, and ventrous *Argo* cut,
And in the rough *Cimerian Boſphorus*
A heauy witneſſe of *Pharnaces* flight,
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,
VVith greater glory then ere *Romaine* did. *Exeunt.*

Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Alas theſe triumphes mooue not me at all,
But only do renew remembrance ſad,
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,
VVhich is the Saint and Idoll of my thoughtes:
Firſt was I wounded by her percing eye:
Next priſoner tane by her captiuing ſpeech,
And now ſhee triumphes ore my conquered heart,
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:
Ceſars lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,
By preſent triumph and the abſent fire,
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,
Ingrauen in the marble of my breſt,
Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

Enter Anthonies *bonus genius.*

Gen. Anthony, baſe femall Anthony,
Thou womans ſouldier, fit for nights aſſaults,
Haſt thou ſo ſoone forgot the diſcipline,
And wilſome taſkes thy youth was trayned to,
Thy ſoft downe Pillow, was a helme of ſteele:
The could damp earth, a bed to eaſe thy toyle,
Afrigted ſlumbers were thy golden ſleepes:
Hunger and thirſt thy ſweeteſt delicates,
Sterne horror, gaſtly woundes, pale greeſly death:
Thy winde depreſſing pleaſures and delights,

And

And now ſo ſoone hath on enchanted face,
Theſe manly labours luld in drowſy ſleepe:
The Gods(whoſe meſſenger I heere do ſtand)
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idleneſſe:
Yet muſt *Philippi* ſee thy high exploytes,
And all the world ring of thy Victories.
Antho. Say what thou art, that in this dreadful ſort
Forbidd'ſt me of my *Cleopatras* loue.
Gen. I am thy *bonus Genius*, *Anthony*,
VVhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy:
That fatall face which now doth ſo bewitch thee,
Like to that vaine vnconſtant Greekiſh dame,
VVhich made the ſtately *Ilian* towres to ſmoke,
Shall thouſand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground:
Hymen in ſable not in ſaferon robes,
Inſtead of roundes ſhall doleſull dirges ſinge,
For nuptiall tapers, ſhall the furies beare,
Blew-burning torches to increaſe your feare:
The bride-grooms ſcull ſhal make the bridal bondes:
And hel-borne hags ſhall dance an Antick round,
VVhile *Hecate Hymen*(heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,
And now methinkes I ſee the ſeas blew face:
Hidden with ſhippes, and now the trumpets ſound,
And weake *Canopus* with the *Ægle* ſtriues,
Neptune amazed at this dreadfull ſight:
Cals blew ſea Gods for to behold the ſight,
Glaucus and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,
VVho now for feare changeth his wonted ſhape,
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne:
In Idle ſport ſhall end with bloud and ſhame. *Exit.*
Antho. VVhat waſt my *Genius* that mee threatned thus?
They ſay that from our birth he doth preſerue:
And on mee will he powre theſe miſeries?
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,
VVhat ſhames did he to my loues propheſie?
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,
From his great Father *Ioue*, t'*Anchiſes* ſonne
To warne him leaue the wanton daliiance,

And

And charming pleaſures of the *Tyrian* Court,
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,
Caſt of theſe baſe effeminate paſſions:
Which melt the courrage of thy manlike minde,
And with thy ſword receiue thy ſleeping praiſe. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SC. 3.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. How long in baſe ignoble patience,
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,
O you braue *Romains*, and among'ſt the reſt
Moſt Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your ſoules:
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite,
Who through ſuch perils, and ſuch tedious warres,
Won your great lab.. prize ſweete liberty,
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,
And did no ſooner Men, then free-men, breath t
To looſe it now continuing ſo long,
And with ſuch lawes, ſuch vowes, ſuch othes confirm'd
Can nothing but diſgrace and ſhame expect:
But ſoft what ſee I written on my ſeate,
O vtinam Brute viueres.
What meaneth this, thy courage dead,
But ſtay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*
I thou art dead indeed, thy courrage dead
Thy care and loue thy deareſt Country dead,
Thy wonted ſpirit and Noble ſtomack dead.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. The times drawe neere by gratious heauens
When *Philips* Sonne muſt fall in *Babilon*, (aſſignd)
In his triumphing proud perſumption:
But ſee where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,
Whoſe minde is hammering on ne meane conceit:
Then found him *Caſſius*, ſee how hee is inclined,
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering ſtate.
Bru. Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His

His Countries wrackes and cannot ſuccor bring.
Caſſi. But wil *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.
Bru. O that I might in *Lethes* endles ſleepe,
And neere awaking pleaſant reſt of death
Cloſe vp mine eyes, that I no more might ſee,
Poore *Romes* diſtreſſe and Countries miſery.
Caſi. No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy ſleepy minde,
Stirre vp thoſe dying ſparkes of honors fire,
VVhich in thy gentle breaſt weare wont to flame:
See how poore *Rome* oppreſt with Countries wronges,
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,
Thy kin(-mans ſoule from heauen commandes thine aide:
That laſtly muſt by thee receiue his end,
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,
Or liue renown'd by ending *Cæſars* life.
Bru. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,
Brutus thy ſoule ſhall neuer more complaine:
That from thy linage and moſt vertuous ſtock,
A baſtard weake degenerat branch is borne,
For to diſtaine the honor of thy houſe.
No more ſhall now the *Romains* call me dead,
Ile liue againe and rowze my ſleepy thoughts:
And with the Tirants death begin this life.
Rome now I come to reare thy ſtates decayed,
VVhen or this hand ſhall cure thy fatall wound,
Or elſe this heart by bleeding on the ground.
Caſ. Now heauen I ſee applaudes this enterpriſe,
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,
That lotheth death, hath thruſt the Tirants name,
Cæſar the life that thou in bloud haſt led:
Shall heape a bloudy vengance on thine head. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 4.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony Delobella, Lords, and others.

Cæſ. Now ſervile *Pharthia* proud in *Romaine* ſpoile,
Shall pay her ranſome vnto *Cæſars* Ghoſt:
Which vnreuenged roues by the Stygian ſtrond,
Exclaiming on our ſluggiſh negligence.
Leaue to lament braue *Romans*, loe I come,
Like to the God of battell, mad with rage,
To die their riuers with vermilion redr
Ile fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hils,
With carkaſes of baſtard *Scithian* broode,
And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,
Chained in fetters to my charriot wheeles:
Deſire of fame and hope of ſweete reueng,
Which in my breſt hath kindled ſuch a flame,
As nor *Euphrates*, nor ſweet *Tybers* ſtreame,
Can quench or ſlack this feruent boyling heate:
Theſe conquering ſouldiers that haue followed me,
From vanquiſht *France* to ſun-burnt *Mirra*,
Matching the beſt of *Alexanders* troopes,
Shall with their lookes put *Parthian* foes to flight,
And make them twiſe turne their deceitfull ſoolces,
Ant. The reſtleſſe mind that harbors ſorrowing thoughts,
And is with child of noble enterpriſe,
Doth neuer ceaſe from honors toileſome taske,
Till it bringes forth Eternall glories broode.
So you fayre braunch of vertues great diſcent,
Now hauing finiſh'd Ciuill warres ſad broyles,
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,
Your contryes limits, and your owne renowne,
But cauſe in *Sibilles* ciuill writs we finde,
None but a King that conqueſt can atchiue,
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,
And as auſpicious ſignes of victorye.
Wee here preſent you with this *Diadem*,
Lord. And euen as kings were baniſh'd *Romes* high throne

Cauſe

Cauſe their baſe vice, her honour did deſtayne,
So to your rule doth ſhee ſubmit her ſelfe,
That her renowne there by might brighter ſhine.
Cæſar. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions ſpur.
That pricketh *Cæſar* to theſe high attempts,
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of *Diadems*,
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,
Vertue vnto it ſelfe a ſhure reward,
My labours all ſhall haue a pleaſing doome,
If you but Iudge I will deſerue of *Rome*:
Did thoſe old *Romaines* ſuffer ſo much ill?
Such tedious ſeeges, ſuch enduring warrs?
Tarquinius hates, and great *Porſennas* threats,
To baniſh proude imperious tyrants rule?
And ſhall my euerdaring thoughts contend
To marre what they haue brought to happy end:
Or thinke you cauſe my Fortune hath expeld,
My friends, come let vs march in Iolity,
Ile triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,
Or end my conqueſts with my countryes ſpoyles,
Dolo. O noble Princely reſolution.
Theſe or not victoryes that we ſo call,
That onely blood and murtherous ſpoyles can vaunt:
But this ſhalbe thy victory braue Prince,
That thou haſt conquered thy owne climing thoughts,
And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,
And this no leſſe inblazon ſhall thy fame.
Then thoſe great deeds and chiualrous attempts,
That made thee conqueror in *Theſſalia*.
Ant. This noble mind and Pincely modeſty,
Which in contempt of honours brightnes ſhines,
Makes vs to wiſh the more for ſuch a Prince,
Whoſe vertue not ambition won that praiſe,
Nor ſhall we thinke it loſſe of liberty.
Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,
For to ſubiect vs to his Princely rule,
Whoſe thoughts fayre vertue and true honor guides
Vouchſafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

Cæſ. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,
An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,
Cæſar I am, and wilbe *Cæſar* ſtill,
No other title ſhall my Fortunes grace:
Which I will make a name of higher ſtate
Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate.
Of *Ioue* in Heauen, ſhall ruled bee the ſkie,
The Earth of *Cæſar*, with like Maieſty.
This is the Scepter that my crowne ſhall beare,
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,
A farre more rich and royall ornament,
Then all the Crownes that the proud *Perſian* gaue:
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets ſound our march,
And drums ſtrike vp Reuenges ſad alarms,
Parthia we come with like incenſed heate,
As great *Atrides* with the angry Greekes,
Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

ACT. 3. SC. 5.

Enter Caſſius, Brutus, Trebonius, Cumber Caſca.

Tre. Braue Lords whoſe forward reſolution,
Shewes you deſcended from true *Romaine* line,
See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,
Reioyſeth in ſuch Princely budding hopes,
No leſſe then once ſhe in *Decius* vertue did,
Or great *Camillus* bringing back of ſpoyles.
On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,
The ſacred Senate doth commend the deede:
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,
Vertue her ſelfe makes warrant of the deed,
Then Noble *Romains* as you haue begun:
Neuer deſiſt vntill this deede be done.

Caſ. To thee Reueng doth *Caſſius* kneele him downe.
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed ſoules,
And borne in Hel, yet harboreſt heauens ioyes,

Whoſe

Whoſe fauor ſlaughter is,and dandling death,
Bloud-thirſty pleaſures and miſ boding bliſſe:
Brought forth of Fury,nurſe of cankered Hate,
To drowne in woe the pleaſures of the world.
Thou ſhalt no more in duſkiſh *Erebus*:
And darkſome hell obſcure thy Deity,
Inſteede of *loue* thou ſhalt my Godeſſe bee,
To thee faire Temples *Caſſius* will erect:
And on thine alter built of *Parian* ſtone
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.
Laugh gentle Godeſſe on my bould attempt,
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering ſpoyles.
Bru. An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:.
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,
All *Rome* is ſtayn'd with his vnrul'd deſires,
Shee whoſe imperiall ſcepter was invr'd:
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,
Cannot abate the glory of her ſtate,
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud deſires:
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,
To looſe his life or elſe to ſet thee free.
Caſ. Shame bee his ſhare that doth his life ſo prize,
That to *Romes* weale it would not ſacrifize,
My Poniardes point ſhall pearce his heart as deepe',
As earſt his ſwörde *Romes* bleeding ſide did goare:
And change his garments to the purple die,
With which our bloud had ſtaynd ſad *Theſſaly*.
Cam. Hee doth refuſe the title of a King,
But wee do ſee hee doth vſurp the thing.
Tre. Our anctent freedome hee empeacheth more,
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.
Caſ. The Senators by him are quite diſgrac'd,
Rome,*Romans*,Citty,Freedome,all defac'd.
Caſſi. We come not Lords, as vnreſolued men,
For to ſhewe cauſes of the deed decreed,
This ſhall diſpute for mee and tell him why,

This

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:
If it be true that furies quench-les thirſt,
Is pleaſ'd with quaffing of ambitious blõud,
Then all you deuills whet my Poniards point,
And I wil broach you a bloud-ſucking heart:
Which full of bloud, muſt bloud ſtore to you yeeld,
Were it a peerce to flint or marble ſtone:
Why ſo it is for *Cæſars* heart's a ſtone,
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone.
They ſay you furies inſtigate mens mindes,
And puſh their armes to finniſh bloudy deedes:
Prick then mine Elbo; goade my bloudy hand,
That it may goare *Cæſars* ambitious heart. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 6.

Enter Cæſar, Calphurnia.

Cæſ. Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?
Shall bug-beares feare *Cæſars* vndaunted heart,
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,
Nor the *French* horſe, nor *Mauritanian* boe,
And now ſhall vaine illuſions mee affright?
Or ſhadowes daunt, whom ſubſtance could not quell?
Calphur. O deareſt *Cæſar*, haſt thou ſeene thy ſelfe,
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee ſeene:)
Tome, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-ſlaughtered, Slaine,
O thou thy ſelfe, wouldſt then haue dread thy ſelfe:
And feard to thruſt thy life to dangers mouth.
Cæſ. There you bewray the folly of your dreame,
For I am well, aliue, vncaught, vntoucht.
Calphur. I'was in the Senate-houſe I ſawe thee ſo,
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.
Cæſ. The Senate is a place of peace, not death,
But theſe were but deluding viſions.
Calphur. O do not ſet ſo little by the heauens,
Dreames ar diuine, men ſay they come from *Ioue*,
Beware betimes, and bee not wiſe to late:

Mens

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.
Cæſ. Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldeſt not haue to hap
It will diſtaine mine honor wonne in fight
To ſay a womans dreame could me affright.
Cal. O *Cæſar* no diſhonour canſt thou get,
In ſeeking to preuent vnlucky chance:
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,
Bee thou in this perſwaded by thy wife:
No vallour bids thee caſt away thy life.
Cæſ. Tis daſtard cowardize and childiſh feare,
To dread thoſe dangers that do not appeare:
Cal. Thou muſt ſad chance by fore-caſt, wiſe reſiſt,
Or being done ſay boote-les had I wiſt.
Cæſ. But for to feare wher's no ſuſpition,
Will to my greatneſſe be deriſion.
Cal. There lurkes an adder in the greeneſt graſſe,
Daungers of purpoſe alwayes hide their face:
Cæſ. Perſwade no more *Cæſar's* reſolu'd to go.
Cal. The Heauens reſolue that hee may ſafe returne,
For if ought happen to my loue but well:
His danger ſhalbe doubled with my death. *Exit.*

Enter Augur.

Augur. I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.
Cæſ. What haſt thou ſacrifiz'd, as cuſtome is,
Before wee enter in the Senat-houſe.
Augur. O ſtay thoſe ſteeps that leade thee to thy death,
The angry heauens with threeathing dire aſpect,
Boding miſchance, and balfull maſſacers,
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Cæſars* powre:
Saturne ſits frowning on the God of Warre,
VVho in their ſad coniunction do conſpire,
Vniting both their bale full influences,
To heape miſchance, and danger to thy life:
The Sacrificing beaſt is heart-les found:
Sad ghaſtly ſightes, and rayſed Ghoſtes appeare,
Which fill the ſilent woods, with groning cries:
The hoarſe Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,
And calls the bale-full Owle, and howling Doge,

To

To make a conſort. In whoſe ſad ſong is this,
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cæſars* bliſſe. *Exit.*

Cæſar. The world is ſet to fray mee from my wits,
Heers harteles Sacrifice and viſions,
Howlinge and cryes, and gaſtly grones of Ghoſts,
Soft *Cæſar* do not make a mockery,
Of theſe Prodigious ſignes ſent from the Heauens.
Calphurnias Dreame lumping which *Augurs* words,
Shew (if thou markeſt it *Cæſar*) cauſe to feare:
This day the Senate there ſhalbe diſſolued,
And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One giues him a paper.*
What haſt thou heare that thou preſents vs with,

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.
Which loue to you and hate of ſuch a deed,
Makes me reueale vnto your excellence. *Cæſar laughs.*
Smileſt thou, or think'ſt thou it ſome ilde toy,
Thout frowne a non to read ſo many names.
That haue conſpird and ſworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſius. Now muſt I come, and with cloſe ſubtile girdes,
Deceaue the prey that Ile deuoure anon,
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,
Your royall preſence in *Pompeius* court:

Cæſar. *Caſſius* they tell me that ſome daungers nigh.
And death pretended in the Senate houſe.

Caſſi. What danger or what wrong can be,
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue ſits,
Tis paſt all daunger preſent death it is,
Nor is it wrong to render due deſert.
To feare the Senators without a cauſe,
Will bee a cauſe why theile be to be feared,

Cæſa. The Senate ſtayes for me in *Pompeys* court,
And *Cæſars* heere, and dares not goe to them,
Packe hence all dread of danger and of death,
What muſt be, muſt be; *Cæſars* preſt for all,

Caſſi. Now haue I ſent him headlong to his ende,
Vengance and death awayting at his heeles,
Cæſar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

Which by my Poniard muſt bee cut in twaine,
Thy chaire of ſtate now turn'd is to thy Beere,
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding ſheete
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearſe,
And *Pompeys* Court, thy dreadfull graue ſhalbe.

Senators crie all at once.

Omnes. Hold downe the Tyrant ſtab him to the death:
Caſi. Now doth the muſick play and this the ſong
That *Caſſius* heart hath thirſted for ſo long:
And now my Poniard in this mazing ſound,
Muſt ſtrike that touch that muſt his life confound.
Stab on, ſtab on, thus ſhould your Poniards play,
Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay. *ſtab him.*
Buco. Brutolian ſends thee this. *ſtab him.*
Cum. And *Cumber* this. *ſtab him.*
Caſ. Take this frō *Caſca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.
Cæſ. Why murtherous villaines know you whō you ſtrike,
Tis *Cæſar*, *Cæſar*, whom your Poniards pierce:
Cæſar whoſe name might well affright ſuch ſlaues:
O Heauens that ſee and hate this haynous guilt,
And thou Immortall *Ioue* that Idle holdeſt
Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,
Why ſtay'ſt thy dreadfull doome, and doſt with-hold,
Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:
But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,
Then blackeſt hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge:
You greeſly daughters of the cheereles night,
Whoſe hearts, nor praier nor pitty, ere could lend,
Leaue the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe:
Come and with flaming brandes into the world,
Reuenge, and death, bringe ſeated in yout eyes:
And plauge theſe villaynes for their trecheries.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine diſcourſe,
The whilſt the deed's in execution,
But lines hee ſtill, yet doth the Tyrant breath?
Chalinging Heauens with his blaſphemies,
Heere *Brutus* maketh a paſſage for thy Soule,

To plead thy cauſe for them whoſe ayde thou craueſt,
Caſ. What *Brutus* tõnay nay,then let me die,
Nothing wounds deeper theningratitude,
Bru. I bloody *Cæſar*,*Cæſar*,*Brutus* too,
Doth geeue thee this,and this to quite *Romes* wronge,
Caſſius. O had the Tyrant had as many liues.
As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,
That heare I ſtill might ſtab and ſtabing kill,
Till that more liues might bee extinquiſhed,
Then his ambition,*Romanes* Slaughtered.
Tre. How heauens haue iuſtly on the authors head,
Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath ſhed,
And *Pompey*,he who cauſed thy Tragedy,
Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

Enter Anthony.

Anth. What cryes of death reſound within my eares,
Whome I doe ſee great *Cæſar* buchered thus?
What ſaid I great? I *Cæſar* thou waſt great,
But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:
O vniuſt Heauens,(if Heauens at all there be,)
Since vertues wronges makes queſtion of your powers,
How could your ſtarry eyes this ſhame behold,
How could the ſunne ſee this and not eclipze?
Fayre bud of fame:ill cropt before thy time:
What *Hyrcan* tygar,or wild ſauage bore,
(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was,)
Darſt do ſo vile and execrate a deede,
Could not thoſe eyes ſo full of maieſty,
Nor prieſthood (o not thus to bee prophand)
Nor yet the reuerence to this ſacred place,
Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,
Nor name made famous through im mortall merit,
Deter thoſe murtherers from ſo vild a deed?
Sweete friend accept theſe obſequies of mine,
Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearſe,
And thou being placed among the ſhining ſtarrs.
Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reuenge

I

I will inflict vpon the murtherers, *Exit with Cæſar, in his armes.*

FINIS. Act. 3.

Enter Diſcord.

Diſ. Brutus thou haſt what long deſire hath ſought,
Cæſar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,
Thou art the author of *Rome* liberty,
Proud in thy murthering hand and bloody knife.
Yet thinke *Octauian* and ſterne *Anthony*,
Cannot let paſſe this murther vnreuenged,
Theſſalia once againe muſt ſee your blood,
And *Romane* drommes muſt ſtrike vp new alaromes,
Harke how *Bellona* ſhakes her angry lance:
And enuie clothed in her crimſon weed,
Me thinkes I ſee the fiery ſhields to claſh,
Eagle gainſt Eagle, *Rome* gainſt *Rome* to fight,
Phillipi, Cæſar, quittance muſt thy wronges,
Whereas that hand ſhall ſtab that trayterous heart.
That durſt encourage it to worke thy death,
Thus from thine aſhes *Cæſar* doth ariſe
As from *Medeas* haples ſcatered teeth:
New flames of wars, and new outragious broyles,
Now ſmile *Æmathia* that euen in thy top,
Romes victory and pride ſhalbe entombd,
And thoſe great conquerors of the vanquiſhed earth,
Shall with their ſwords come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 1.

Enter Octauian.

Octa. Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue loſt your ioy.
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceaſed:
Mourne thou *Octauian*, thou it is muſt mourne,
Mourne for thy Vncle who is dead and gon.

Mourne for thy Father to vngently ſlaine,
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy miſhap hath loſt,
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.
But heere I vow theſe blacke and ſable weeds,
The outward ſignes of inward heauines,
Shall changed be ere long to crimſen hew,
And this ſoft raiment to a coate of ſteele,
Ceſar, no more I heare the mornefull ſongs.
The tagick pomp of his ſad exequies,
And deadly burning torches are at hand,
I muſt accompany the mornefull troope:
And ſacryfice my teares to the Gods below. *Exit.*

Enter Ceſars Hearſe Calphurnia Octauian, Anthony, Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.

Calp. Set downe the hearſe and let *Calphurnia* weepe,
Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,
Thou whileſt thou liuedſt was *Calphurnias* ioye,
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:
Here doth my care and comfort reſting lie:
Let them accompany thy mourneſull hearſe.

Cice. This is the hearſe of vertue and renowne,
Here ſtroe red roſes and ſweete violets:
And Iawrell garlands for to crowne his fame,
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:
Theſe worthles obſequies poore *Rome* beſtowes,
Vpon thy ſacred aſhes and deare hearſe.

1. *Rom.* And as a token of thy liuing praiſe,
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,
Which witneſſeth thy name ſhall neuer die:
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,
For on thy tombe ſhall ſtill engrauen be,
Thy loſſe, her griefe, thy deathes, her pittying thee,

Dole. Vnwilling do I come to pay this debt,
Though not vnwilling for to crowne deſert,
O how much rather had I this beſtowed,
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

When

When liuing vertue did require ſuch meede,
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,
Lord. Thoſe wreaths that in thy life our conqueſts crowned
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,
Now in thy death do ſerue thy hearſe to adorne,
For *Cæſars* liuing vertues to bee crowned,
Not to be wept as buried vnder grownd,
2. *Re.* Thou whileſt thou liuedſt waſt fare vertues flowre
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,
(The cheefeſt vertues of our mother earth,)
Doth giue to gratulate thy noble hearſe.
Let then they ſoule diuine vouchſafe to take,
Theſe worthles obſequies our lone doth make.
Calp. All that I am is but deſpaire and greefe,
This all I giue to Celebrate thy death,
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her ſelfe.
Ant. You that to *Cæſar* iuſtly did decree
Honors diuine and ſacred reuerence:
And oft him grac'd with titles well deſerued,
Of Countries Father, ſtay of Common wealth,
And that which neuer any bare before,
Inviolate, Holy, Conſecrate, Vntucht.
Doe ſee this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,
This Sonne of laſting fame and endles praiſe,
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beaſt,
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:
Recounte thoſe deedes and ſee what he hath don,
Subdued thoſe nations which three hundred yeares
Remaynd vnconquered; ſtill afflicting *Rome*,
And recompenſed the firy Capitoll,
With many Citties vnto aſhes burnt:
And this reward, theſe thankes you render him:
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues
By you this ſlaughtered body bleedes againe,
Which oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

Sweete woundes in which I ſee diſtreſſed *Rome*,
From her peare'd ſides to powre forth ſtreames of bloud,
Bee you a witneſſe of my ſad Soules griefe:
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,
Not ſuch as vſe from womaniſh eyes proceede.

Octa. And were the deede moſt worthy and vnblamed,
Yet you vnworthely did do the ſame:
Who being partakers with his enemies,
By *Ceſar* all were ſaued from death and harme,
And for the punniſhment you ſhould haue had,
You were preferr'd to Princely dignities:
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,
Thus thanke-les men hee did preferre of nought,
That by their hands his murther might be wrought.

All at once except Anthony and Octauian.

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.

Antho. Braue Lords this worthy reſolution ſhewes,
Your deereſt loue, and great affection
VVhich to this ſlaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,
And may like bloudy chance befall my life:
If I be ſlack for to reuenge his death.

Octa. Now on my Lords, this body lets inter:
Amongeſt the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,
And build a Temple to his memory:
Honoring therein his ſacred Deity. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. 4 SC. 2.

Enter Caſſius, and Brutus with an army.

Caſſi. Now *Romains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,
In his greateſt hight and chiefeſt lollitie,
In the Sacred Senate-houſe is done to death:
Euen as the Conſecrated Oxe which foundes,
At horny alters, in his dying pride:
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,
Stands proudly wayting for the haſted ſtroke:
Till hee amazed with the diſmall ſound,

Falls

Falls to the Earth and ſtaines the holy ground,
The ſpoyles and riches of the conquered world,
Are now but idle Trophies of his tombe:
His laurell garlandes do but Crowne his chaire,
His ſling, his ſhilde, and fatall bloudy ſpeare,
VVhich hee in battell oft 'gainſt *Rome* did beare,
Now ſerue for nought but ruſty monuments.
Bru. So *Romulus* when proud ambition,
His former vertue and renowne had ſtayned:
Did by the Senators receiue his end,
But ſoft what boades *Titinnius* haſting ſpeede,

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. The frantike people and impatient,
By *Anthonyes* exhorting to reuenge:
Runne madding throw the bloudy ſtreetes of *Rome*,
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,
All thoſe that cauſed *Cæſars* ouerthrowe.
Caſſi. The wauering people pytiyng *Cæſars* death,
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:
Spare not the danger of our deareſt liues,
But ſince no ſafety *Rome* for vs affordes:
Brutus weell haſt vs to our Prouinces,
Into *Syre*, thou into *Maccedon*,
Where wee will muſter vp ſuch martiall bandes,
As ſhall affright our following enemies.
Bru. In *Theſſaly* weele meete the Enemy,
And in that ground diſtaynd with *Pompeys* bloud,
And fruitefull made with *Romane* maſſaker,
VVeele either ſacrifice our guilty foe,
To appeaſe the furies of theſe howling Ghoſtes,
That wander reſtles through the ſlienty ground
Or elſe that *Theſſaly* bee a common Tombe:
To bury thoſe that fight to infranchize *Rome*.
Titin. Brauely reſolu'd, I ſee yong *Brutus* minde,
Strengthned with force of vertues ſacred rule:
Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in ſcorne,
Bru. I that before fear'd not to do the deede,
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

No

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman* Lord,
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,
I kisse thee hand for doing such a deede:
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:
For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,
So lets continue in our high resolue:
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,
So lets persist, vntill our liues bee done.

Cassi. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,
Collected from our seuerall Prouinces,
Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes,
Brutus thou hast commanded the Illirian bandes:
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,
Parthenians proud, and *Thracians* borne in warre:
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,
With all the flowre of Louely *Thessaly*,
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march:
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian* Boe,
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:
Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in Greece,
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Cæsars Ghost.

Ghost. Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges.
Hayle to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

My ſeat of mounting honour was erected,
And my proud throane that ſeem'd to check the heauens
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,
With theſe aſoſiates of my ouerthrow,
Here ancient *Aſſur* and proud *Belus* lyes,
Ninus the firſt that fought a Monarches name.
Atrides fierce with the *Æacides*,
The *Greeke Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,
Blood-thirſting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth:
That ſought to fetch his pedegree from Heauen,
Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,
The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,
Alcides and the ſtout, *Carthagian* Lord,
The fatall enemie to the *Roman* name.
Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,
And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,
I am the laſt not leaſt of the ſame crue,
Looke on my deeds and ſay what *Cæſar* was,
Theſſalia, *Ægipt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,
Spayne Brittaine, *Almany* and *France*,
So many a bloody tryall of my worth.
But why doe I my glory thus reſtraine,
When all the world was but a Charyot,
Wherein I rode Triumphing in my pride?
But what auayles this tale of what I was?
Since in my cheſeſt hight *Brutus* baſe ha[illegible]
With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,
Giue me my ſword and ſhild Ile be Reueng'd,
My mortall wounding ſpeare and goulden Creſt.
I will diſhorſe my foemen in the field,
Alaſſe poore *Cæſar* thou a ſhadow art,
An ayery ſubſtance wanting force and might,
Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,
Exclame on *Anthony* and *Octauian*,
Which ſeeke through diſcord and diſcentions broyles,
T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,
And leaue to execute my iuſt reuenge,

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets ſound,
O how this ſight my greeued ſoule doth wound,

Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octauian at another with Souldiers.

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,
Whome ſtately *Rome* hath oft her Conſull ſeene,
Grac'd with eternall trophes of renowne,
With *Libian* triumphes and *Iberian* ſpoyles,
Who ſcorns to haue his honour now diſtaind,
Or credit blemiſht by a Boyes diſgrace,
Prepare your dauntles ſtomakes to the fight,
Where without ſtriking you ſhall ouer come.

Octa. Fellowes in war-faire which haue often ſerued,
Vnder great *Cæſar* my diſceaſed ſier,
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient:
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,
Should iniure mighty *Iulius Cæſars* ſonne,
Recall your wonted vallour and theſe hearts,
That neuer entertaynd Ignoble thoughts
And make my firſt warre-faire and fortunate:

Ant. Stike vp drums, and let your banners flie,
Thus will we ſet vpon the enemy.

Gho. Ceaſe drums to ſtrike, and fould your banners vp,
Wake not *Bellona* with your trumpets Clange,
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field:
See *Romaines*, ſee my wounds not yet cloſ'd vp,
The bleeding monuments of *Cæſars* wronges.
Haue you ſo ſoone for got my life and death?
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp.
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,
My life admir'd and wondred at of men?
My death which ſeem'd vnworthy to the Gods,
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,
My death now begges one gift; a iuſt reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowld poſſeſſeth all my Ioyntes,

And

And pale wan feare doth ceaſe my fainting heart,
Octa. O ſee how terrible my Fathers lookes?
My haire ſtands ſtiffe to ſee his greiſly hue:
Alaſſe I deare not looke him in the face,
And words do cleaue to my benummed Iawes. (downe
Gho. For ſhame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons
Sonne ſheath thy ſword, not now for to be drawne,
Brutus muſt feele the heauy ſtroke thereof:
But if that needes you will into the field,
And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate.
To ſlacke your fury with each others blood,
Then forward on to your prepared deaths
Let ſad *Alecto* ſound her fearefull trump,
Reuenge a riſe in lothſome ſable weedes,
Light-ſhining Treaſons and vnquenched Hates,
Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke chi'd,)
Let ſterne *Magera* on her thundering drumme,
Play gaſtly muſicke to comfort your deathes.
Banner to banner, foote gainſt foote opoſ'd,
Sword againſt ſword, ſhild gainſt ſhild, and life to life,
Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes,
And load himſelfe with heapes of murthered men,
And let Heauens iuſtice ſend you all to Hell,
Anth. Shamſt thou not *Anthony* to draw thy ſword,
On *Cæſars* Sonne, for rude raſh youth full brawles,
And doſt let paſſe their treaſon vnrevenged,
That *Cæſars* life and glory both did end,
Octa. Shame of my ſelfe, and this intended fight,
Doth make me feare t'approach his dreadfull ſight:
Forgiue my ſlacknes to reuenge thy wronges,
Pardon my youth that raſhly was miſlead,
Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,
Gho. Then ioyne your hands and heare let battle ceaſe,
Chang feare to Ioy, and warre to ſmooth-fac't Peace.
Oct. Then Father heere in ſight of Heauen and thee,
I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,
Ant. Take likewiſe mine, the hand that once was vowd,

To bee imbrued in thy luke-warme bloud,
VVhich now ſhall ſtrike in yong *Octauians* rights.
Gho. Now ſweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,
All Gods and powers you do adore and ſerue:
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,
Whoſe trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue ſhed.
Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,
Brought thee braue *Troian* to old *Latium*,
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen:
By the *Gradiuus* that with ſhield of Braſſe,
Defendeſt *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames
Of *Veſta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*,
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,
Or in performance looſe his vitall breath.
Octa. The like *Octauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.
Gho. Then go braue warriors with ſucceſsfull hap,
Fortune ſhall waite vpon your rightfull armes,
And courage ſparkell, from your Princely eyes,
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.
Antho. Now with our armies both conioyned in one,
Weele meete the enemy in *Macedon*:
Æmathian fieldes ſhall change her flowry greene,
And die proud *Flora* in a ſadder hew:
Siluer *Stremonia*, whoſe faire Chriſtall waues,
Once ſounded great *Alcides* echoing fame:
When as he ſlew that fruitefull headed ſnake,
Which *Lerna* long-time foſtered in her wombe:
Shall in more tragick accentes and ſad tunes,
Eccho the terror of thy diſmall ſight,
Hemus ſhall fat his barren fieldes with bloud:
And yellow *Ceres* ſpring from woundes of men,
The toyling huſband-men in time to come,
Shall with his harrow ſtrike on ruſty helmes,
And finde, and wonder, at our ſwordes and ſpeares,
And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues:

Finis. Act.

ACT. 5. SCE. 1.

Enter Diſcord.

Diſ. The balefull harueſt of my ioy, thy woe
Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it ſo.
Pale ſad *Auernus* opes his yawning Iawes,
Seeking to ſwallow vp thy murtherous ſoule,
The furies haue proclaym'd a feſtiuall:
And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,
Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of ſad drery night,
Thou Sunne that climeſt vp to the eaſterne hill:
And in thy Chariot rides with ſwift ſteedes drawne,
In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory:
Go back againe and hide thee in the ſea,
Darkeneſſe to day ſhall couer all the world:
Let no light ſhine, but what your ſwords can ſtrike,
From out their ſteely helmes, and fiery ſhildes:
Furies, and Ghoſts, with your blue-burning lampes,
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:
With dread affrighting thoſe ſtout Champions hearts,
All ſtygian fiendes now leaue whereas you dwell:
And come into the world and make it hell.

Enter Caſſius, Brutus, Titinnius, Cato Iunior, with an army marching

Caſ. Thus far wee march with vnreſiſted armes,
Subduing all that did our powres with-ſtand:
Laodicia whoſe high reared walles,
Faire *Lycas* waſheth with her ſiluer waue:
And that braue monument of *Perſeus* fame,
With *Turſos* vaild to vs her vanting pride,
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall:

Thou wert to ſtubberne, elſe thou ſtill hadſt ſtood,
Inviolate of *Caſſius* hurtles hand,
That was my nurſe, where in my youth I drew
The flowing milke of Greekiſh eloquence:
Proud *Capadocia* ſawe her King captiu'd,
(And *Dolabella* vanting in the ſpoyles.
Of ſlayne *Trebonius*) fall as ſpringing tree,
Seated in lovely *Tempes* pleaſant ſhades:
Whom beuteous ſpring with bloſſoms braue hath deckt,
And ſweete *Fauonia* manteled all in greene,
By winters rage doth looſe his flowry pride,
And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds.
Thus from the conqueſt of proud *Paleſtine*,
Hether in trinmph haue we march'd along,
Making our force-commaunding rule to ſtretch,
From faire *Euphrates* chriſtall flowing waues
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes *Io's* death,
Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,
Bru. Of all the places by my ſword ſubdued,
Pitty of thee poore *Zanthus* moues me moſt;
Thriſe haſt thou ben beſeeged by thy foe,
And thriſe to ſaue thy liberty haſt felt
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.
Firſt being beſeeg'd by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,
The ſterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wrath:
Next when the *Macedonian Phillips* ſonne,
Did rayſe his engines gainſt thy battered walls,
Proud *Zanthus* that did ſcorne to beare the yoake,
That all the world was forced to ſuſtaine,
Laſt when that I my ſelfe did guirt thy walls,
With troopes of high reſolued *Roman* hearts,
Rather then thou wouldeſt yeeld to *Brutus* ſword,
Or ſtayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,
Did'ſt ſadly fall as proud *Numantia*
Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.
Caſ. And now to thee *Phillipi*, are wee come,
Whoſe fields muſt twiſe feele *Roman* cruelty,
And flowing blood like to *Dercen* playnes,

When

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming ſteede,
Rides in his fury through the *Argean* troopes,
Now making great *Æraſtus* giue him way,
Now beating back *Tideus* puiſſant might:
The ground not dry'd from ſad *Pharſalian* blood,
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:
And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes ſlayne,
Shall make ſuch hills as ſhall ſurpaſſe in height
The Snowy Alpes and aery *Appenines*,
Titi. A Scout brought word but now that he deſcryd,
Warlike *Anthonius* and young *Cæſars* troopes,
Marching in fury ouer *Theſſalian* playnes.
As great *Gradiuus* when in angry moode,
He driues his chariot downe from heauens top,
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:
Heere by *Philippi* they will pich their tents,
And in theſe fieldes (fatall to *Romain* liues)
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,
Cat. O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth *Romane* liberty,
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in ſuſpence,
And this the day that muſt aſſure thy hopes.
Caſſi. Great *Ioue*, and thou *Tritonian* warlike Queene:
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgons* head.
Strenghen our armes that fight for *Romain* welth:
And thou ſterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,
Defend that Citty which your ſelfe begun.
All heauenly powers aſſiſt our rightfull armes,
And ſend downe ſiluer winged victory,
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Creſts.
Bru. My minde thats trobled in my vexed ſoule,
(Oppreſt with ſorrow and with ſad diſmay,)
Miſgiues me this wilbe a heauy day.
Caſſi. Why fayut not now in theſe our laſt extremes,
This time craues courage not diſpayring feare,
Titin. Fie, twill diſtayne thy former valiant acts.
To ſay thou fainteſt now in this laſt act,
Bru. My mind is heauy, and I know not why,

But cruell fate doth ſommon me to die,
Cato. Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous ſignes,
Of ſo miſ-fortunnate and ſad euent,
Heauen and our Vallour ſhall vs conquerours make.
Caſſi. What Baſtard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,
Or what vnglorious vnwounted thought,
Hath changed the vallour of our daunted mindes.
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?
Cannot this hand that was proud *Ceſars* death,
Send all *Ceſarians* headlong that ſame path?
Looke how our troups in Sun-bright armes do ſhine,
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.
The wrathfull ſteedes do check their iron bits,
And with a well grac'd terror ſtrike the ground,
And keeping times in warres ſad harmony.
And then hath *Brutus* any cauſe to feare,
My ſelfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,
The Nobleſt wight that eur *Troy* beheld,
Shall of the aduerſe troopes ſuch hauock make,
As ſad *Phillipi* ſhall in blood bewayle,
The cruell maſſacre of *Caſſius* ſword,
And then hath *Brutus* any cauſe to feare?
Bru. No outward ſhewes of puiſſance or of ſtrength,
Can helpe a minde diſmayed inwardly,
Leaue me ſweete Lordes a while vnto my ſelfe.
Caſſi. In the meane time take order for the fight,
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe.
And with their ſound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyſe,
As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.
With boyſterous furyes Striuing in the waues,
Comes ſwelling forth to meet his bluſtering toe,
They both doe runne with feerce tempeſtuous rage,
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.
The God *Oceanus* trembles at the ſtroke,
Bru. What hateſull furyes vex my tortured mind?
What hideous ſightes appalle my greeued ſoule,
As when *Oreſtes* after mother ſlaine.

Not

Not being yet at *Scithians* Alters purged,
Behould the greeſly viſages of fiends,
And gaſtly furies which did haunt his ſteps,
Caſar vpbraues my ſad ingratitude,
He ſaued my life in ſad *Pharſalian* fieldes,
That I in S*enate* houſe might worke his death,
O this remembrance now doth wound my ſoule,
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

Enter Ghoſt.

Gho. Brutus, ingratefull *Brutus* ſeeſt thou mee:
Anon In field againe thou ſhalt me ſee,
Bru. Stay what ſo ere thou art, or fiend below,
Rayſ'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,
Or fury ſent from *Phlegitonticke* flames,
Or from *Cocytus* for to end my life,
Be then *Megera* or *Tyſiphone*,
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading crue,
Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,
Come greeſly meſſenger of ſad miſhap,
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,
And end my life and ſorrow all at once.
Gho. Accurſed traytor damned *Homicide*,
Knoweſt thou not me, to whome for forty honors
Thou three and twenty Gaſtly wounds didſt giue?
Now dare no more for to behould the Heauens,
For they to Day haue deſtyned thine end:
Nor lift thy eyes vnto the riſing ſunne,
That nere ſhall liue for to behould it ſet,
Nor looke not downe vnto the Helliſh ſhades,
There ſtand the furyes thurſting for thy blood,
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'ſt,
There *Anthonyes* ſword will peirce thy trayterous heart.
Brutus to daie my blood ſhalbe reuenged,
And for my wrong and vndeſetued death,
Thy life to thee a torture ſhall become,
And thou ſhalt oft amongeſt the dying grones,
Of ſlaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

Wiſh that like baleſull cheere might thee befall,
And ſeeke for death that flies ſo wretched wight,
Vntill to ſhunne the honour of the fight,
And dreadfull vengeance of ſupernall ire.
Thine owne right hand ſhall worke my wiſh'd reueng,
And ſo Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

Bru. Stay *Cæſar* ſtay, protract my greiſe no longer,
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirſting throte,
With pleaſing blood of *Cæſars* guilty heart:
But ſee hee's gon, and yonder Murther ſtands:
See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.
Althea raueth for her murthered Sonne,
And weepes the deed that ſhe her-ſelfe hath done:
And *Meleager* would thou liuedſt againe,
But death muſt expiate. *Altheas* come.
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deſerue:
The drums do thunder forth diſmay and feare,
And diſmall triumphes ſound my fatall knell,
Furyes I come to meete you all in Hell,

Enter Cato wounded.

Cato. Bloodles and faynt; *Cato* yeelde vp thy breath;
While ſtrength and vigour in theſe armes remaynd,
And made me able for to wield my ſword,
So long I fought: and ſweet *Rome* for thy ſake
Fear'd not effuſion of my blood to make.
But now my ſtrength and life doth fayle at once,
My vigor leaues my could and feeble Ioynts,
And I my ſad ſoule, muſt power forth in blood.
O vertue whome *Phyloſophy* extols.
Thou art no eſſence but a naked name,
Bond-ſlaue to Fortune, weake, and of no power.
To ſuccor them which alwaies honourd thee:
Witneſſe my Fathers and mine owne ſad death,
Who for our country ſpent our lateſt breath:
But oh the chaines of death do hold my toung,
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.
O Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

Where

Caſſ. Where ſhall I goe to tell the ſaddeſt tale,
That ere the *Romane* toung was forc'd to ſpeake,
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:
This Sunne that now hath ſeen ſo many deaths,
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall ſound,
And ſtraight Reuenge from *Stygian* bands let looſe,
Poſſeſſed had all hearts and baniſhed thence,
Feare of their children, wife and little home.
Countryes remembrance, and had quite expeld,
With laſt departed care of life it ſelfe:
Anger did ſparkell from our beautious eyes,
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to ſhake,
The horſe had now put on the riders wrath,
And with his hooſes did ſtrike the trembling earth,
When *Echalarian* ſoundes then both gin meete:
Both like enraged, and now the duſt gins riſe,
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:
And goodly terror it might ſeeme to be,
Faire ſhieldes, gay ſwords, and goulden creſts did ſhine.
Their ſpangled plumes did dance for ſolity,
As nothing priuy to their Maſters feare,
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had ſtayed,
This ſhining glory with a ſadder hew,
A cloud of dartes that darkened Heauens light,
Horror inſteed of beauty did ſucceede.
And her bright armes with duſt and blood were foyld:
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Druſus* takes his end,
Here lies *Hortenſius*, weltring in his goare.
Here, there, and euery where men fall and die,
Yet *Caſſius* ſhew not that thy heart doth faynt:
But to the laſt gaſp for *Romains* freedom fight,
And when ſad death ſhall be thy labors end,
Yet boaſt thy life thou didſt for Country ſpend.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemeſis*,

That in the wrinkels of thine angry browes,
Wrapſt dreadfull vengance and pale fright-full death:
Raine downe the bloudy showers of thy reuenge,
And make our ſwordes the fatall inſtruments,
To execute thy furious bale-full Ire,
Let grim death ſeate her on my Lances point,
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within thare coward breſtes,
Dread, horror, vengance, death, and bloudy hate:
In this ſad fight my murthering ſworde awaite. *Exit*

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. Where may I flie from this accurſed ſoyle,
Or ſhunne the horror of this diſmall day:
The Heauens are colour'd in mourning ſable weedes,
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to ſee,
This bloudy conflict; ſad *Cataſtrophe*,
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard:
Nothing but bloud and ſlaughter may bee ſeene
And death, the ſame in ſundry ſhapes araied.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſ. In vaine, in vaine, O *Caſſius* all in vaine,
Tis Heauen and deſtiny thou ſtriueſt againſt.
Titin. What better hope or more accepted tydinges,
Iſt Noble *Caſſius* from the Battell bringes?
Caſſ. This haples hope that fates decreed haue,
Philippi field muſt bee our haples graue.
Titin. And then muſt this accurſ'd and fatal day,
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty:
Muſt now the name of freedome bee forgot,
And all *Romes* glory in *Theſſalia* end?
Caſſ. As thoſe that loſt in boyſterous troubleus ſeas,
Beaten with rage of Billowes ſtormy ſtrife:
And without ſtarres do ſayle 'gainſt ſtarres and winde,
In drery darkeneſſe and in chereles night,
Without or hope or comfort endles are:
So are my thoughts dejected with diſmay,
Which can nought looke for but poore *Romes* decay.
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath?

Or lay not ſlumbering in eternall night,
His welfare might infuſe ſome hope, or life:
Or at the leaſt bring death with more content:
Weried I am through labour of the fight:
Then ſweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fielde,
And either glad me with my friends ſucceſſe,
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare:
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.
Titin. *Caſſius*, I goe to ſeeke thy Noble friend,
Heauen grant my goings haue a proſperous end.
Caſſi. O go *Titinius*, and till thy returne,
Heere will I ſit diſconſolate alone,
Romes ſad miſhap, and mine owne woes to moone:
O ten times treble fortunate were you,
VVhich in *Pharſalias* bloudy conflict dyed,
VVith thoſe braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame:
VVhich neere protected their moſt bleſſed dayes,
To ſee the horror of this diſmall fight,
VVhy died I not in thoſe *Æmathian* playnes,
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cæſars* hand?
And ſwift *Eurypus* downe his bloudy ſtreame
Bare ſhieldes and helmes and traines of ſlaughter'd men,
But Heauens reſerud mee to this luckles day,
To ſee my Countries fall and friends decay.
But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne?
My trembling heart miſgiues me what's befalne,
Brutus is dead: I: herke how willingly
The Ecco itterates thoſe deadly words,
The whiſling windes with their mourning ſound,
Do fill mine eares with noyſe of *Brutus* death,
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,
In dolefull notes recorde my friend decay.
And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her ſonges.
I heare ſome noyſe, O tis *Titinnius*,
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,
My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling ſound.

Why doſt thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?
Why doſt thou then prolong my life in vayne?
Tell me my ſentence and ſo end my payne:
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,
Linger not *Caſſius* for to heare reply,
What if he come and tels me hee is ſlayne?
That only will increaſe my dying paine,
Brutus I come to company thy ſoule,
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.
Brutus I come prepare to meete thy friend
Thy brothers fall procures this balefull end.

Enter Titinius.

Titi. *Brutus* doth liue and like a ſecond *Mars*,
Rageth in heate of fury mongeſt his foes,
Then cheere thee *Caſſius*, loe I bring releeſe.
And news of power to eaſe thy ſtormy greeſe,
But ſee where *Caſſius* weltreth in his blood,
Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.
O *Caſſius* ſpeake, O ſpeake to me ſweet friend,
Brutus doth liue; open thy dying eyes,
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.
O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cryes,
That by my long delayes he haples dies:
Accurſed villaine murtherer of thy friend,
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought *Caſſius* end,
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed;
How ſlow thy loue that made no greater ſpeed,
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,
But ſithence in my life my loue was neuer ſhewne,
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.
Accurſed weapon that ſuch blood could ſpil,
Nay curſed then the author of this deed,
Yet both offended, both ſhall puniſhed be,
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,
It ſhall make a paſſage for my life to paſſe,
Cauſe through my life his maſter murthered was.
And I on it againe will venged bee.

Cauſe

Cauſe it did worke my *Caſſius* tragedy.
Then this reueng ſhalbe to end my life.
Mine to diſtayne with baſer blood the knife.

Enter Brutus the Ghoſt following him.

Bru. What doeſt thou ſtill perſue me vgly fend,
Is this it that thou thirſted for ſo much?
Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,
Would thy appeaſeles rage be ſlacked with blood,
This ſword to day hath crimſen channels made,
But heare 's the blood that thou woulds drinke ſo fayne,
Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.
Or if thou thinkeſt death to ſmall a payne,
Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,
Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,
Lethean waues, and fiers of *Phlegeton*,
Boyle me or burne, teare my hateſull fleſh,
Deuoure, conſume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,
Hell craues her right, and heere the furyes ſtand,
And all the hell-hounds compaſſe me a round
Each ſeeking for a parte of this ſame prey,
Alaſſe this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,
Nor can it all your hungery mouthes ſuffice,
O tis the ſoule that they ſtand gaping for,
And endleſſe matter for to prey vpon.
Renewed ſtill as *Tytius* pricked heart.
Then clap your hands, let Hell with Ioy reſound?
Here it comes flying through this aery round.

Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done
And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:
Nor liue t' applaud the iuſtice of this deed.
Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Diſcord

Diſ. I, now my longing hopes haue their deſire,
The world is nothing but a maſſie heape:
Of bodys ſlayne, The Sea a lake of blood,
The Furies that for ſlaughter only thirſt,
Are with theſe Maſſakers and ſlaughters cloyde,
Tyſiphones pale, and *Megeras* thin face,

I now puft vp, and ſwolne with quaffing blood,
Caron that vſed but an old rotten boate
Muſt nowe a nauie rigg for to tranſport,
The howling ſoules, vnto the *Stigian* ſtronde.
Hell and *Eliſium* muſt be digd in one,
And both will be to litle to contayne,
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghoſtes,
That I my ſelfe haue tumbling thither ſent.
Gho. Now nights pale daughter ſince thy bloody ioyes,
And my reuengfull thirſt fulfilled are,
Doe thou applaud what iuſtly heauens haue wrought,
While murther on the murtherers head is brought.
Diſ. Cæſar I pitied not thy Tragick end:
Nor tyrants daggers ſticking in thy heart,
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,
But that thy death ſo many deaths hath made:
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,
And laugh to thinke I cauſed ſuch endleſſe woe.
Gho. Sith my reuenge is full accompliſhed,
And my deaths cauſers by them ſelues are ſlaine,
I will deſcend to mine eternall home,
Where euerlaſtingly my quiet ſoule,
The ſweete *Elyſium* pleaſure ſhall inioy,
And walke thoſe fragrant flowry fields at reſt:
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower ſo rare,
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.
There that ſame gentle father of the ſpring,
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,
Or Summers ſunne can make it fall or fade,
There with the mighty champions of old time,
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,
My dateles houres Ile ſpend in laſting ioy.

FINIS.